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The American Mercury

AMERASIA MYSTERY
DO PROTECTS THE PATIENT?
BEAUTY SALON RACKET
BABY IN THE ICEBOX
CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT COMMITTEE ON
ATOMIC ENERGY MEETS THE PRESS

F. Woltman and V. Lasky

Miriam Chapin

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GENERAL COLLINS:
ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF

by William Hines
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The American Mercury

WHO PROTECTS THE PATIENT?

BY

MIRIAM CHAPIN

A WOMAN of 40 went to a well-known and expensive surgeon for a cervix operation. After it was over, she was ill for months with an agonizing urinary ailment, and continued to suffer for years while going to the same doctor for treatment. Only when she visited another doctor and another hospital did she learn that the surgeon had accidentally sliced through her urethra [the canal which carries off urine from the bladder], and by that time there was nothing to be done about it. Her original doctor didn't even say "Oops,

sorry!" He merely said there were risks in every operation, and that he owed her no return for the thousands of dollars she had paid him and the hospitals, or the misery she had endured. He accepted no responsibility whatever.

If a captain runs his ship aground, however, he takes the responsibility. If an engineer is hired to install a boiler, and it blows up, he is held responsible. But doctors are relieved of their responsibility by their professional standing — they are insured against suits for malpractice by their

MIRIAM CHAPIN is the author of a book on languages called *How People Talk*, published four years ago by John Day. She is a free-lance American writer who lives in Quebec.

protective associations, their mutual liability societies, their medical insurance companies, and thus they are well protected against the consequences of their mistakes. But who protects the unconscious body on the operating table?

Lawyers and friendly doctors assured the injured patient in this instance that there was not the slightest chance of her getting damages if she took the matter to court, that it would be an exhausting procedure, that it would take far more resources than she had to fight the case, that she would only be throwing good money after bad, and she had better try to forget about it. One doctor will not testify against another; as a lawyer put it, "They all gang up together — it's no use. And the insurance companies will have good lawyers."

Nor will a nurse be willing to witness against a doctor, however bitterly she may talk about his mistakes in private. She is afraid, and with good reason, that she might never be called on a case again. A girl of nineteen, expecting her first baby, engaged a famous obstetrician. When she reached the hospital, frightened and in pain, the head nurse scolded her for making a fuss, and left her alone to scream. When a student nurse happened to walk in, she rushed out yelling "The head! The

head!" and the girl was hastily trundled to the delivery room, where her baby was born as they pressed an ether cone over her face. When she came to, her obstetrician was standing beside her, saying benevolently, "It's a fine boy." The girl noticed vaguely that he was wearing a business suit, not a white jacket. Next day a young interne came to her room and asked pleasantly how she was feeling. Never having seen him before, she asked her nurse who he was. "Oh," said the nurse, "He's the one who delivered your baby." Then a horrified look came over her face and she began to whimper: "Don't tell them — if they knew I told you I'd be fired." So the young mother paid her doctor his \$500 fee and said no more.

Once in while a suit for malpractice is fought and won, if the complainant is determined, if he has a smart and sympathetic lawyer, and absolute proof of negligence without having to rely on medical testimony. In one such case, a boy of eight had his tonsils out, a procedure not usually considered especially dangerous. A nurse, coming to look at him a few moments after the operation, noticed that he was no longer breathing. Nothing she could do revived him; he had died without regaining consciousness. Then it was discovered that a gauze sponge had been left in his throat. Six reputa-

ble physicians were witnesses in the suit for damages — nothing so crude as manslaughter was charged. Every single one swore that he believed all reasonable care had been exercised. But the judge decided to disregard their evidence and rely on common sense. The sponge, he said, was there; the boy was dead. He awarded a few thousand dollars to the parents for their son's life. The doctors had stood together; they assigned no responsibility and the surgeon accepted none.

But a more typical case was that of the California woman whose breast was removed after the pathological laboratory of the hospital reported a gland in her armpit was cancerous. Just as she came out of the operating room, the lab reported it had made a mistake, and the trouble was something else. She and her husband sued the hospital and lost. Then they sued the surgeon who performed the operation, the chief surgeon who ordered it having died in the meantime. They lost again; the judge ruled that even if the operation was done "in negligent haste," the surgeon was not to blame. She was mutilated, and paid out a lot of money — but nobody was responsible (*Valdez vs. Hankins*, California, '49).

For such reasons, most people take what they get and shut up, thankful that they are alive. A soldier in the last war got a bit of shrapnel under

his kneecap. German surgeons took it out in a field hospital, and he went to prison camp. With time on his hands, he spent a lot of it rubbing his knee, stretching his leg and exercising it, until he could walk fairly well and bend the knee a little. Back home in a fine military hospital, he went before a military examining board. The surgeons decided to improve his leg still further. They cut open his knee, lifted a large hunk of muscle out of his thigh and draped it on an unfamiliar spot, and kept the man in bed four months with weights on his foot. When he finished with that ordeal, his knee was stiffer than the crutch he had to use, and has been ever since. They asked him rather sheepishly if he wanted them to try again, but he understandably refused.

In still another case, a young woman carrying her first child was told by her entirely reputable obstetrician that she could never have another, that after the birth she would need to have her uterus removed. Horrified, she went through a miserable pregnancy, and then sensibly consulted another specialist about the operation, telling him, "I suppose I must go through with it."

"I can't see any earthly reason why you should," he said, "You're as healthy a woman as I ever saw in my life."

She now has three fine children —

but what of the many girls and women whom the first surgeon has deprived of all hope of child-bearing? No one interferes with his diagnoses, no colleague protests publicly, whatever he may think privately. It would be contrary to professional etiquette to warn off another man's patients, and the doctor's professional standing is dearer to the profession collectively than the welfare of a few patients. If physicians once began accusing each other of mistakes, the laity might find out far too much about them, and a lot of fat would sizzle in the fire.

II

It isn't only surgeons who make almost incredible errors. Last summer a young man came into his home city from a camp in the north woods to see his family doctor; he complained of a sore throat and an uncomfortable feverish feeling — he turned out to have a slight temperature. The doctor said it was just a cold, and he went back to complete his vacation. Four days later his frantic wife got him out by canoe and ambulance, unable to move hand or foot. Six months after, he was learning to walk again, with all the apparatus of the polio victim. One of the saddest stories of this sort is that of the little boy who for days was denied all but a drop of water, on doctor's orders, until his pleading so

racked his family that they carried him to a hospital, where they learned too late that the one thing he needed most of all was quantities of water to drink, to flush out a badly infected kidney.

Sometimes our very victories over disease betray us. Only a couple of years ago New York came very close to an epidemic, because no doctor who came near a sick man in a hotel bedroom, and later in a hospital, realized that he was dying of black smallpox. How should they know, never having seen a case in all their lives? They called it skin complications, when any old sawbones a hundred years ago would have sniffed the air and said, "To the pesthouse, and burn everything in the room."

Stories about sponges and bits of scalpel left in incisions are a dime a dozen. Some of them are true, and no joke to the patient. Doctors have favorite anecdotes about how so-and-so took out a man's good kidney or lung, and left the diseased one in. They seem to think they are funny. They tell with great gusto the yarn about the general from the States over in London, who was about to be operated on for cancer of the stomach by a Harley Street surgeon, when some insignificant bouncer gazed at the X-ray picture and remarked that the black smudge in the man's lower regions was the thumb-print of the

"bloody fool" who developed the X-ray film. So they told the general to quit hitting the bottle so hard, and his indigestion got well.

General practitioners who venture into special fields are sometimes absurdly stupid about pretty obvious maladies. The other day we came across a six-year-old girl who had two throat operations because she didn't talk. How could she talk, when she couldn't hear, as a nurse finally discovered? A famous child psychiatrist recently sent a small son of wealthy and heartbroken parents to an institution for the mentally defective. There it was found out that he had less than 50 per cent hearing; and now he is home with a hearing aid, the happiest, liveliest child in the world.

We are talking about honest, conscientious men who sometimes make terrible mistakes, and refuse to face up to them. Every one of them began his life work with some idea of serving humanity. But once he passes the stringent requirements for legal practice, once he gets his appointment to a hospital staff, he may be tempted to let down a little. Even if he lets down a lot, nothing short of a series of axe murders is likely to dislodge him. He gets old, he gets tired, he takes a drink or two to buck himself up, he is worried by a nagging wife or an extravagant daughter, he can't

sleep and he takes a pill for his insomnia, or he is sleepy in the morning and he takes a shot of benzedrine to get himself going. Every nurse and interne knows men who are not what they once were. "Old Macwhoosis musta made a night of it — didja see how his hands were shaking?"

Men in their prime can make mistakes — how much more the weaker ones. In the old days it was presumed that competition would weed out the dull and careless, that word of incompetence would get around in a community, and patients would betake themselves to other offices. Nowadays that safeguard doesn't work, if it ever did. Doctors cuddle up together in little nests of offices, and pass the patient from one to another. In country districts, doctors are too scarce to offer any choice at all.

III

Most hospitals now receive public grants for their wards, and Government payments for those who cannot afford to pay, but the state of mind of some hospital boards has not altered to conform with the shift in the basis of their support. All too often, around hospitals where young men intern today, there lingers something of the old, cherished attitude of the days when hospitals were instruments of private charity. Hospitals don't really want Government supervision,

which they would call interference, but too many of them bestow care as a favor. Certainly they do a great deal of free work in clinics, yet much of it bears the faint stink of charity.

Hospitals usually, though not always, maintain standing committees to examine the records of deaths which occur under their care — most of them unavoidable, since people will persist in dying at some time or other. But the patient has to die before an inquiry can be made. There is seldom any provision for the complaints of the living, no friendly ear to listen, and those who insist on making them are apt to be treated as ungrateful fussbudgets. The hospital asks the patient to release it from any liability for the results of an operation. Only recently the Supreme Court of Minnesota ruled that a hospital might be sued for damages for the death of an unborn child, allegedly due to negligence. The lower court had considered that the plaintiff, the father, had no right to sue, since the dead baby had never existed as a person. The Court said on appeal that "It seems too plain for argument that where independent existence is possible and life is destroyed, through a wrongful act, a cause of action exists" (*Verkennes vs. Corneia*, Minnesota, '49). In this it followed a previous judgment in Illinois, where the judge had said, "If at that period a child so

advanced is injured — and is born suffering from that injury, is it not sacrificing truth to a mere theoretical abstraction to say the injury was not to the child but wholly to the mother?" (*Allaire vs. St. Luke's hospital*, 184, Illinois.)

The patient is getting impatient about all these legal shelters, and about the medical profession as a whole. Every day we hear grumbling about costs. People wonder about the British health service, which doctors oppose because "it would destroy all competition, all incentive." They complain about the scarcity of rural physicians — "Those guys have it soft in town, won't stir out nights or Sundays" — and it is indeed very hard to get a doctor at such times. The profession would be surprised at the resentment building up. "Heartless moneygrabbers" is one of the mildest epithets we've heard during this inquiry among personal acquaintances. The aura of beneficence and selfless devotion that once hovered around the doctor's head has silently vanished, to reappear in less glamorous hues over the pate of the research man, who is now expected to produce the miracles suffering humanity desires. He may be able to keep his aura for quite a while, since his errors are more recondite.

"Well," the lawyers say, "any doctor is allowed a few mistakes. It's not

an exact science." But it is not the mistakes which arouse resentment, it is the refusal to take responsibility for them. Any motorist is allowed a few mistakes too, before his license is taken away from him. But if he runs a man down or smashes another car, he'll have to pay damages even if it is his first accident. So he takes out several kinds of insurance, and sheds the burden on the insurance company. Fundamentally, automobile insurance liability is paid quickly because the company knows it would lose a suit if one were brought. All the other car drivers don't get together to swear that he couldn't possibly be at fault.

In the case of medical insurance, the company acts to protect the doctor to the last ditch, if the patient sues, even when it would be cheaper perhaps to settle the case than to fight it. If the patient doesn't sue, he gets nothing. Most of the protective associations advise their physician clients, when a patient comes to them with complaints or threats, to make a clear statement, saying they have done their best, and then to refuse to discuss the matter, and under no conditions to make any payment. That simply takes for granted that the complainant is trying to work a swindle. Thus, a conscientious doctor, who might be willing to make some adjustment or forego a fee when he

knows he has made a blunder, is blocked off from such action for fear of compromising his own or his colleagues' future.

Doctors can hardly be blamed for setting up protection for themselves, since before they had it they were targets for outrageous malpractice suits. But the pendulum has swung too far. The patient should also be protected — from ignorance and carelessness and bungling — without having to go through a costly court procedure. The weeding-out process might come into play here too: if doctors had to pay higher premiums because incompetent men drew heavily on insurance funds, professional ethics would soon go by the board when they stood in the way of getting rid of such colleagues.

If a patient believes a doctor is at fault and has done him serious damage, he should have the opportunity to present his case to a hospital or government board, and it should be heard as a plea for justice, not as peevish grumbling. If it is justified, then the doctor or his insurance company should be obliged to make amends. The responsibility lies at the door of the medical profession. If they fail to assume it, they build up a dam against anger which some day can sweep away much that is of value, along with the cherished safeguards behind which they cower.

GENERAL COLLINS: ARMY CHIEF OF STAFF

BY WILLIAM HINES

AN ACCOMPLISHED mixer of metaphors once conjured up the image of a levelheaded individual with an eye to the future, an ear to the ground, a nose to the grindstone and a shoulder to the wheel. Probably the figure in American public life today who most closely resembles this exemplary contortionist is Joseph Lawton Collins, Chief of Staff of the United States Army.

More than most of his contemporaries — Collins was 54 on the first of May — the stocky, florid man with four embroidered stars on each shoulder of his tunic has left little in life to chance. On June 13, 1913, Collins took his cadet oath at West Point. He spent the first three-fourths of the ensuing peacetime and wartime years developing a high-priced bill of goods, and he spent the remainder selling it. The goods are quality stuff and probably would have spoken for themselves, at least to the point of raising Collins to considerable military eminence. That he is today *the* general,

rather than just *a* general, in the army, is due equally to his ability as a salesman and his stature as a soldier.

In preparing his merchandise, Collins built a "career pattern," as army personnel experts call it, that might serve as a model for any West Point cadet with stars in his eyes. His service before World War II involved learning, teaching, and performing the staff and troop-command jobs that are a *sine qua non* for military advancement. In the lower ranks at least, a man's performance must be outstanding if he is to be marked for development as a top leader. Collins' contemporaries of 25 years ago recall his ability and ambition as his strong points.

The story of how Collins got where he is has given rise to the reasonable question of whether he is "a good general or a good politician." A character witness for Collins might be stymied, because, while one cannot become chief of staff without being a good general, it is equally true that

WILLIAM HINES was formerly Assistant Chief of News in the Department of the Army. His last contribution to THE AMERICAN MERCURY, "The State of Delaware," appeared in the August issue. He is now on the staff of the Washington Evening Star.

some "conniving" is essential. Collins is extremely able — probably a better-rounded man for the chief of staff's job than any since MacArthur — but he is also a masterful conniver. In playing the angles, however, Collins has always observed the accepted rules; he has never intentionally given himself the worst of any bargain, but neither has he dealt unfairly with his rivals. Collins' bill of goods has always been positive: instead of showing up his peers as a bunch of bums, he has tended to show himself to be the best of an excellent lot, and to make his claim stick.

There are in the army today two opposing camps — those of MacArthur and Marshall. The latter group has been in the ascendancy since 1939. Collins, an early protégé of Marshall, probably owes his present status to his wise choice of patron. He was a former instructor under Marshall at Fort Benning's Infantry School, and, early in Marshall's tenure as chief of staff, he served as a member of the General Staff secretariat. This placed him close enough to the seats of the mighty before Pearl Harbor to be given choice assignments after war broke out.

Collins, unlike many generals, spent virtually all his time between 1942 and 1945 in soldiering and virtually none of it in military finagling and empire-building. He was the first

army division commander in offensive action in the Pacific, and one of the two corps commanders to break simultaneously through the Atlantic wall on D-Day. If his Seventh Corps in Europe did not get its full share of headlines, the reason lay not in mediocre battle performance by the corps but in the fact that Collins left public relations to his senior headquarters, First Army, and concentrated on battle. "After all," a former Seventh Corps staff officer commented wryly, "*someboay* had to kill the damn Krauts."

But if Collins pooh-poohs the popular belief that he went to West Point with the ambition of becoming chief of staff, he certainly was "carrying four stars in his pocket," as the saying goes, by the time the last war broke out. The lesson of World War I was clear to him as to any student of American military history: from Pershing through MacArthur, a span of fifteen years, every chief of staff had distinguished himself as an overseas commander in 1917-18. The indicated treatment was for Collins to do likewise in 1942-45.

After the battle of Guadalcanal, Collins went to Washington to report on Pacific warfare and ostensibly to return to his Twenty-fifth Division. Collins' visit coincided with a search by the general staff for a corps commander for Europe. He was offered

the job and, an acquaintance recalls, almost "broke his arm grabbing for it." Then, three days before his pre-embarkation physical examination, he came down with a mighty ague, a recurrence of his Solomon Islands malaria. His therapy was contrary to all medical regulations: rather than receive the authorized aid from an army medic, who would be obliged to hospitalize him, Collins bought a supply of quinine from a drugstore, dosed the malarial symptoms into quiescence, and passed his physical without a hitch.

Overseas as commander of the Seventh Corps, Collins often gave his staff cases of the shakes in which no mosquito was involved. Although it is difficult to criticize success, Collins can justly be said to have been too aggressive, too little mindful of personal risk, in combat. This attitude was not born of bravado nor of a theatrical desire to "show himself to the troops." Collins' jungle training had taught him the peril of stretching his supply and communications lines, and the inconvenience of frequently moving his command post. He chose to move only when necessary and on those occasions as far forward as possible. Once or twice this involved setting up corps headquarters several hundred yards in front of the infantry and taking the calculated risk that the riflemen would move up

during the night. They always did. Usually Collins' CP was well within range of German medium artillery, and at Cornelimünster, Germany, he almost lost his life when German 88's found the range of his private office.

II

Collins' change of pace from hard-hitting combat general to smooth Washington military politician was almost as abrupt as the end of the war. Within two weeks after the Japanese surrender, Collins was established in a Washington sinecure as deputy commander of Army Ground Forces, busily repairing the fences that had become dilapidated during combat. About four months later he moved up to a brand-new job as chief of information for the entire army. In this post he held control over all internal propaganda (troop information and education), external publicity (public relations) and lobbying (legislative and liaison) functions of the War Department, and had direct access to the chief of staff in the bargain. What the job amounted to was that Collins became the army's principal lobbyist and spokesman. His hitherto rather shadowy, unpublicized figure came rapidly into full focus; he got to know the Washington press corps and the members of Congress. In talking about the aims of the army he inevitably got himself talked about,

almost always favorably. Collins, already possessed of a quick wit and a facile tongue, soon acquired a charm that worked much like the light in a refrigerator — always on when the door is open.

Already, in 1947, when Eisenhower quit as chief of staff to not-run for President, Collins was being mentioned as a possible successor. But Collins himself was in favor of Bradley, for whom he has a filial affection. As it turned out, he was neither side-tracking nor derailing his own ambitions by plumping for his old overseas commander. Soon after Bradley took over, General Thomas T. Handy was moved out of the office he had occupied during the war as deputy chief of staff, and Collins succeeded him. The word soon started going round that Bradley, just back from his painful stint as Veterans Administrator, needed more time to visit army field installations, and wanted someone to act for him in his absence from Washington. A reorganization occurred which created the job of vice-chief of staff and split the deputyship in two, one deputy for administration and one for combat operations. Under the terms of the reorganization the vice-chief became, instead of a mere assistant, an alter ego to the chief of staff, and Collins got the new job.

As chief of information and later

as vice-chief of staff, Collins was one of the sparkplugs of postwar military legislation. He handled the ill-fated universal military training campaign, electioneered successfully for peacetime selective service, got a promotion bill of sorts past Congress and did so much spadework on unification that the unhappy Marine Corps spitefully refers to the current law as the "Collins plan." He was instrumental, too, in getting the unification law amended to provide for a permanent chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff — a job which would probably go to Bradley.

Collins' ambitions were fulfilled in the summer of 1949. There was, at last, an opening at the top. If it were up to Collins to promote himself into the job, he could do so without hardly working up a sweat. When Bradley moved up in August, there were only nine officers senior to Collins on active duty on the permanent list, aside from the five-star generals and Bradley. These nine, plus Lieutenant General Albert C. Wedemeyer, who also let it be known that he was available, were the only people even theoretically in the running, and Wedemeyer was really "too junior" to be a serious contender. Actually, only one of the candidates was much of a rival for Collins: Mark W. Clark. But it was tacitly understood in Washington that Clark would en-

counter insurmountable opposition in the Senate if his name went up for confirmation (meaning a Texas filibuster, since Clark was censured severely by the Texas press for the Rapido river crossing in Italy, in which numerous Texans were killed; this operation was understood to be standing in Clark's way if he should be nominated as chief of staff). Collins won more or less by default.

The story of Collins and Clark is one of the oddest in military annals. The two men were both outstanding products of an otherwise average West Point class, that of April 20, 1917. They had even been born on the same day, May 1, 1896, and one of them was the youngest member of the class, though up to now it has never been established definitely which one was actually the younger. Collins was born in New Orleans at 11:20 A.M., Central Standard Time, and thus is a bit more than five hours junior to Clark, who arrived in New York State at 7 A.M., Eastern Standard Time.

Clark made full general nearly three years before Collins and attained a certain amount of renown in North Africa as Eisenhower's advance man before the public ever heard of Collins (although he later lost stature, after the Rapido incident). He exercised top-level command, as head of

the Fifteenth Army Group, before he was 50, while Collins' highest wartime job, corps commander, was two echelons lower. The elder of the two "class babies" from West Point was — as the adjective mongers loved to point out — "tall, lean, hawk-nosed" and as dramatic in his own way as Patton. Collins, on the other hand, looked like what he is — a scrappy little Irishman — and never indulged in theatrics. Clark's big mistake was in staying overseas after the shooting stopped, although he proved himself a master administrator and diplomat in Austria, where he faced up commendably to the Soviets in a situation parallel to the bathetic German mess.

Collins was a slow starter and lacked much of Clark's brilliance, but he turned out to be a little the stronger in wind and limb over the long distance, and a little the more astute when military politics was being played on a "go-for-broke" basis. The military establishment, like other non-democratic machines, has a Siberia where high-ranking losers are sent. This place of exile may be described as "away from Washington," and through this Siberia Collins' rivals are scattered like the twelve tribes. Clark is holding down the high-sounding but relatively unimportant job of Chief, Army Field Forces; Wedemeyer is in San Francisco commanding the Sixth Army;

Clay is in retirement, and Handy is in Germany. Too, the "men to watch" — men like Collins himself before he became chief of staff — are dispersed, and the successors to Collins in the jobs he used as stepping stones are not the men who are likely to replace him in his present office.

III

The question of what will happen to Collins in 1953, when his present term expires, excites much speculation. A man with his pragmatic philosophy cannot be envisioned as content to end it all, militarily speaking, at the age of 59, and perhaps the present world situation will prevent it. That Collins is thinking of the possibility that he might be named chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff seems obvious; but exactly how he will go about getting the position is something else. Traditionally, he should retire from active service in 1953, and it is still doubtful that the JCS chairman will be an army man again before 1955.

There is one negative certainty: war or peace, Collins' future plans do not include a flier at non-military politics. While he can charm professional politicians and journalists with a word, he may be able to do so only because he wears an impressive uniform and bears a high title: unlike the popular Mr. Eisenhower, Mr. Joe

Collins, formerly of New Orleans, would be more or less shorn of his protective coloration upon retirement. For the present, Collins is too busy in a vital and challenging job to do much more than a little part-time worrying about tomorrow. The army he heads is an unwieldy, rather anachronistic thing, spread thin as cocktail-party caviar across the world in furtherance of an American foreign policy no one has quite been able to define. Until the clash in Korea, it lived from hand to mouth and did a thousand what-have-you kind of jobs no one ever thought an army would be called on to do. From a military standpoint it has wasted the bulk of its substance on such tasks, few of which have had any relation to its primary mission of training to fight another war, which was quite evident in the piecemeal response to the Korean crisis.

Collins' big problem is to handle the Korean situation and at the same time to use as much as possible of his assets for training and readiness for any possible total war. In general, Collins has placed the accent on airborne training, modernization of equipment and design of new weapons. His approach to airborne training is unorthodox, but promises to pay off swiftly and generously at scant cost to the taxpayer, thus leaving the bulk of his kitty available for the stream-

lining and development of weapons. Ground generals have been given tours as commanders of the crack Eighty-second Airborne Division, and thus have become qualified to lead airborne divisions activated in time of war. Airborne troops, Collins is certain, will be increasingly important as time goes on, but as relatively low-cost, highly mobile divisions, not as expensive, clumsy armies.

Unhappily, there was no cheap, quick way to get new equipment before the Korean development. There were, however, two ways to go about trying to get it. The hard, old-line way was to demand so many new-type tanks at a cost of so many million dollars. The new, easy way, which Collins fortunately took last year, was to mention casually in a speech to the National Press Club that the Russians have the finest tank in the world — which events have since proved. The U.S. Army, as a result of Collins' talk, got busy developing a tank that will outrun, outshoot and outlast the best the Soviets possess.

Collins lies somewhere between Eisenhower and Bradley in ease of manner. He rarely talks publicly unless he has something to say, and often as not departs from his text to speak off the cuff. Collins has few peers in uniform as an extemporaneous speaker, and uses his small stable of "ghosts"

more as researchers than writers. In private as in public conversation, he has complete possession of himself at all times, and uses the English language so capably and moderately that transcripts of his everyday talk could be read to a Ladies Cultural Society meeting, provided the ladies did not mind an occasional "hell" or "damn."

It is partly Collins' fluency and partly his strict Catholic upbringing that keeps his language free of the profanity so dear to many military figures. He is not so far from County Cork that his ties to the Church have been weakened — his father was born there and his mother's family left the old sod about a century ago. Collins' fecund father sired eleven children, of whom eight are still alive. He shook the peat from his boots at age eight, joining his refugee parents in Cincinnati shortly before the Civil War. At fifteen he lied his way into the Ohio volunteer cavalry and later went to Louisiana (though apparently not as a true carpetbagger), where he married the daughter of an Irish-born merchant named Lawton.

The personal salesmanship of the Yankee veteran who wooed and won a Confederate belle must have been transmitted to his son. Collins' first — and maybe his greatest — sales feat was his successful courtship of the daughter of an English-born Wesleyan preacher who later became

chief of army chaplains. Mrs. Collins has never embraced her husband's religion, but has reared their three children as Catholics.

Unlike many professional soldiers, who often marry into wealth, neither Collins nor his wife has a fortune. Consequently, they have been living moderately at Fort McNair in Washington, D.C., the traditional chief of staff quarters at Fort Myer, Va., having been retained by Bradley when he became JCS chairman. Collins' current income — aside from the rent-free house — is \$15,916 a year, of which \$11,457 is taxable. As chief of staff, he is expected to do a certain amount of official peacetime entertaining, and for this purpose receives a special fund of \$5000 a year, for which he alone accounts; but he has a reputation of playing Caesar's wife where official perquisites are concerned. When Collins was chief of information, press criticism caused the army, as a public relations gesture, to forbid its generals to travel from home to office and back home in official cars. Almost as many generals honored the rule in the breach as in the observance, and the Air Force went so far as to camouflage Government vehicles by registering them at Richmond with Virginia license plates. Collins did it the hard, literal way.

His official sedan was garaged at Fort McNair, but each morning his chauffeur called for him in the Collins family car, drove him to the Pentagon, returned the private vehicle to McNair and got out the Government car for whatever official use the day would bring. In the afternoon the driver reversed the complicated procedure in order to get Collins home in Collins' own car.

Collins has no serious vices. His drinking is confined to a quick snort and the ingestion of light wines at dinner. As a gambler he is a piker; he would put up a dime side-bet occasionally during a round of his fair-to-middling golf at the Army and Navy or Chevy Chase country clubs. He is an impeccable dresser, both in uniform and in mufti, but not a wastrel in the clothing department.

It is probable that Collins has never told a lie to himself or about himself, or set for himself any code of conduct he would have to compromise later. Certainly he has never done anything in 37 years that he did not consider in the best interest of the service and the nation. He honestly believes that he is the best product available for his job. Just how competent (or otherwise) he is, his conduct of the army in the Korean war will show.

THE MYSTERY OF THE AMERASIA CASE

BY FREDERICK WOLTMAN AND VICTOR LASKY

ONE of the great mystery stories of our times is the *Amerasia* case — a story with a solution which may never be revealed. Through the years the case has probably evoked more charges of whitewash, secret fixes, and courtroom deals than any other in the nation's history. It has inspired two Congressional investigations and a probe by a runaway grand jury. Yet the basic facts of the case are simple:

During the war the Communist-edited magazine *Amerasia* received unknown quantities of confidential Government documents. In June 1945 the Federal Bureau of Investigation seized 1700 of these papers and arrested six persons on espionage act charges. Although the biggest theft of wartime secret papers in the nation's history was involved, those responsible were let off lightly by the Justice Department.

Although these facts are generally conceded, there is a sharp difference of opinion over how to interpret

them. For example, while there is no dispute about the impropriety of the papers being in *Amerasia's* possession, there is considerable dispute over their importance. Some say they consisted in the main of meaningless gossip. Others say they included vital military information. One school of thought, which includes many reputable commentators and writers, contends that the basic facts have been blown up out of all proportion to bolster Senator Joseph McCarthy's shotgun allegations against the State Department. The opposite view, held by equally reputable commentators and writers, is that it involved a serious case of Communist infiltration, and that its outcome was extremely questionable. Even the violently anti-McCarthy Washington *Post*, which has taken the lead in blasting the Wisconsin Republican's charges, observed on May 6, 1950, that "there has been a good deal of dissatisfaction among reasonable men

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about the manner in which the case has been handled."

However, Willard Shelton, writing in the *Nation* for June 24, 1950, held a different view: "Certain aspects of the case have never been cleared up, but the facts obtainable show no justification for the accusations of a Justice Department 'fix' or whitewash and an alleged pro-Communist bloc which 'sold out' Chiang Kai-shek. . . . The uproar that has developed is simply McCarthyism."

Actually, Senator McCarthy did not "discover" the case, as some critics contend. Since 1945 several prominent newspapermen have sought to keep the case alive. Isaac Don Levine kept hitting away at it, disclosing new information, in his magazine, *Plain Talk*. It got to a point, as George Sokolsky observed in his syndicated column, where "some of my editors thought I was playing a broken record — and wrote me so."

The case, however, really became hot when the Scripps-Howard newspapers began hammering away at it daily this spring. Under the direction of Washington bureau chief Walker Stone, Scripps-Howard went into every angle of *Amerasia* with detailed news stories, editorials and Talburt's famed cartoons.

Through the years several Congressmen — notably Representative George Dondero (R., Mich.) — have

periodically demanded a proper inquiry into a case they regard as more serious than the Hiss-Chambers' affair. For some observers believe that the case might well be the key to America's postwar diplomatic débâcle in Asia. They believe that if the case had been pursued vigorously the pro-Communists in the Far Eastern division of the State Department might have been cleaned out. And what they call the "sell-out" of China to the Kremlin might never have taken place.

Admittedly this is conjecture, but the facts show that *Amerasia* — a magazine with less than 2000 circulation, which few Americans had ever heard of — had an extraordinary influence in shaping official opinion on Far Eastern questions. It was not just a little intellectual house organ in which scholars set forth their remedies for the world's ills. It was published and edited by such Communist scholars as Philip Jaffe and Frederick Vanderbilt Field. A member of its editorial board from 1937 to 1941 was Owen Lattimore, White House adviser and director of the Walter Hines Page Foundation at Johns Hopkins university. Although the magazine consistently followed the Moscow line, it had great influence in the Far Eastern Division of the State Department. So powerful was this influence that in 1944 an *Amerasia* article was

cabled to the United States Embassy in Chungking over the name of Secretary of State Cordell Hull. The dispatch called attention to the article which proposed our encouragement of a Communist movement in enemy Japan and praised the Chinese Reds. The evidence indicates, too, that *Amerasia* was not merely concerned with literary endeavors. For a small magazine, it had an incredible photographic set-up for copying documents.

II

That Soviet Russia had an unusual number of espionage agents operating in the United States, at a time when both nations were "allies," was known to all our wartime intelligence services. Reports on the Russian spies were sent regularly to the White House. But the FBI could do nothing about it except keep close surveillance. The FBI was informed that diplomatic considerations would hold precedence for the time being—nothing was to be done which would irritate a touchy co-belligerent. As the well-informed columnist Constantine Brown pointed out recently in the *Washington Star*, "while the top men in the Government did not like the Soviet methods of obtaining scientific and military information, they constituted no real danger to the country's security in view of the hope of all the Allied nations that they

could live like brothers after the shooting was over."

It was in this atmosphere that the *Amerasia* case broke. The Department of Justice plunged into the case without reservations. The FBI, which had completed a vigorous investigation, made the arrests. But a month later the Department of Justice began to show hesitancy in prosecuting the case. What happened in that month to change their strategy has never been adequately explained. And ever since then there has been a remarkable reluctance on the part of the Truman Administration to get to the bottom of the case. The Democratic-controlled Senate subcommittee ordered to look into the Communists-in-Government charges leveled by Senator McCarthy, which was headed by Senator Millard Tydings, a conservative Democrat, also appeared unwilling to lift the lid off *Amerasia*. The Administration had apparently marshalled all its forces to reply to attacks that it was coddling Communists. And for the first time in history the State Department began trading blow-for-blow with a Congressional critic.

Meanwhile the public was being confused. The basic facts of *Amerasia* were being obfuscated and complicated by a stream of conflicting charges and counter-charges. To illustrate the confusion, James Reston, Washington correspondent for the

New York *Times*, told the story about an old lady in a street car, who was heard to remark: "But if Senator Tydings knows McCarthy is a Communist, why doesn't he get him out of the State Department."

The only reasonable explanation for the Administration's conduct is that it was unwilling to risk any disclosures which might be harmful in the forthcoming elections, during which the Republicans will undoubtedly make Reds-in-Government a major campaign issue. Yet, in 1924, when the Republican administration was faced with a nasty scandal stemming from the Teapot Dome oil leases, President Coolidge courageously threw open the Government's files to a Congressional committee. In a let-the-chips-fall-where-they-may statement, Mr. Coolidge declared: "I feel the public is entitled to know that in the conduct of such action no one is shielded for any party, political or other reasons. . . . Every law will be enforced and every right of the people and the Government will be protected."

Ironically, if it hadn't been for President Truman the *Amerasia* case might never have come to light. The President had been in the White House for less than two months when he learned the Justice Department had asked the FBI to hold up the arrests on the case. This delay was nothing new to the FBI. Its two-year

round-the-clock surveillance of a Soviet atomic espionage ring had also been squelched by orders from above. The ring was headed by the mysterious super-spy, Arthur Adams. The FBI, which had tailed him all over the country, apparently was ordered to allow him to escape. His American cohorts were never apprehended.

But the *Amerasia* group was not as fortunate as the Adams' ring. Hearing of the Justice Department's delaying order, President Truman called the FBI on June 2, 1945. Indignantly, he demanded immediate action in the case. He asked to be notified if anyone tried to interfere. "I want this thing pushed until you get every one of those so-and-so's," the President was reported to have declared.

The tough little man from Missouri, who had never really expected to be President, had not yet been inculcated with the niceties of international diplomacy. How otherwise explain the performance of one of his most trusted aides, James V. Forrestal, then Secretary of the Navy, who had requested a delay in the *Amerasia* arrests. Mr. Forrestal, before his death, had been pilloried by the Communists and their apologists as the sinister behind-the-scenes figure leading an anti-Soviet cabal seeking war with Russia, but his diaries now show that he was tremendously concerned lest hasty action in the case wreck delicate

negotiations then going on with the Russians. Actually, Mr. Forrestal's action was not as important as the still undisclosed reasons why — despite President Truman — the case was not diligently prosecuted. For no one can attribute Mr. Forrestal's action, as wrong as it may appear in retrospect, to anything but the soundest of patriotic motives. And no responsible political leader — Republican or Democrat — would challenge Mr. Forrestal's patriotism.

As late as 1946 Secretary of State James Byrnes appeared before Congress and admitted there were Communists in the State Department. He declared: "It is a difficult matter to do wholesale firing of persons just because they belong to what is here a small minority party but which is the sole and dominant party in a great country with which I am having serious diplomatic negotiations."

Four days after President Truman called the FBI, six persons were arrested in New York and Washington. For eleven weeks up to 75 agents had worked under J. Edgar Hoover's personal direction, preparing the case, collecting data on the comings, goings, meetings and movements of the six. They were:

Philip Jaffe, Russian-born editor of *Amerasia*, and president of Wallace Brown, Inc., a prosperous greeting card firm — Jaffe was an actual Com-

munist; Kate Louise Mitchell, who was a Bryn Mawr graduate, heiress and co-editor of *Amerasia*; John Stewart Service, a State Department career officer who had been recalled from China after Ambassador Patrick Hurley accused him of being pro-Communist; Mark Gayn, a freelance writer, born in China of Russian parents, and educated in Soviet schools; Emmanuel Sigurd Larsen, a China specialist in the State Department's Far Eastern Division; and Lieutenant (j.g.) Andrew Roth, who was hurriedly mustered out of the navy hours before his arrest — presumably it would have been hard on Roth had he faced espionage charges while still in the navy.

Roth's career in the navy had some peculiar angles which have never been explained. A known pro-Communist he was assigned to the sensitive post of liaison between the Office of Naval Intelligence and the State Department, despite ONI's objections. Although the navy did commission some two hundred Communists during the war, it was common practice to assign them to jobs where there were no official secrets. Roth's superior, Captain J. W. Whitfield, was to testify later that the ONI would have rejected Roth if pressure hadn't been brought to bear from "some higher authority." Who that authority was was never brought out.

III

The shocking story of the breakup of the *Amerasia* ring in wartime Washington burst upon the public in a flurry of headlines at a time when the anti-Axis world was forming the United Nations at San Francisco. The Justice Department accused six persons of violating an espionage statute covering the "unauthorized possession or transmittal of national defense data." Yet within a half year the alleged culprits were let off lightly.

The case began on February 28, 1945, when an officer of the Office of Strategic Services, America's espionage organization, read an article on Thailand in *Amerasia*. The article, he discovered, was virtually identical with a top-secret OSS report sent to the State Department two months earlier. Frank Brooks Bielaski, director of undercover investigation for OSS, was assigned to discover the leak. Just before midnight, March 11, 1945, Mr. Bielaski and four OSS aides broke into *Amerasia's* offices in New York. They were shocked to discover hundreds of classified Government documents strewn about. Not only did copies of the original OSS report turn up, but five other original OSS papers which nobody knew were missing. Taking a sampling of the documents, Mr. Bielaski immediately flew to Washington.

Major General William Donovan, head of OSS, showed the documents to Secretary of State Edward Stettinius Jr. and several high-ranking navy officials. They were also shocked, for among material found in the *Amerasia* office was vital data regarding the locations of American submarines in the Pacific, plans for the Leyte operations and the program for air-bombing the Japanese cities. But, as columnist Constantine Brown reported, American security officials were "worried less about these documents finding their way to Moscow than about their falling into Japanese hands." At this time Russia was still neutral in her relations with Japan. Tokyo permitted Soviet ships to travel from the American west coast to Vladivostok or Nikolaevsk, provided they were checked by Japanese patrol ships at specified points. Mr. Brown has clarified the potential danger:

The bulky documents — some of them photostated — were, as a rule, forwarded by Russia's agents in this country by way of the Pacific [in Soviet ships]. There was a strong possibility, according to our intelligence service, that in their thorough search of these merchantmen the Japanese could get hold of information which Russia's spies forwarded to Moscow from this country. The possibility that this information would fall into Japanese hands at a time when we were

fighting almost singlehanded in the Pacific worried our top military men more than the fact that Russia would have them. Whether information concerning our naval movements and plans actually fell into the hands of the Japanese general staff is still unknown. But it appears more than probable that the order of battle of the Chinese Nationalist forces — particularly their number and disposition on the Communist front — reached Mao Tze-tung's headquarters at Yen-an by way of Moscow.

But there is no direct evidence that the *Amerasia* documents were transmitted to Russia. At least the Department of Justice never made the charge. There is still no explanation, however, for *Amerasia's* tremendous photocopying equipment. The FBI surveillance shows that Jaffe paid frequent visits to the Soviet consulate in New York City, always carrying a brief case. Jaffe also played host to Tung Pi-wu, the Chinese Communist delegate to the San Francisco conference whose visit may have been more than social. During the conference Jaffe was said to be in possession of documents which included a paper giving in detail the strength and locations of Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalist troops. There is no proof that Tung Pi-wu carried copies of these documents back to Red China.

Following the arrests a remarkable campaign was launched to have the

charges dropped. A hue and cry was raised by much of the liberal press, and even conservative newspapers picked up the Red refrain that freedom of the press was involved; that the defendants obtained the documents solely for journalistic purposes; and that the arrests were due to the vindictiveness of the then Acting Secretary of State, Joseph C. Grew. Actually Mr. Grew, a leader of the anti-Soviet bloc in the State Department, was only an innocent bystander. The investigation had been authorized by Mr. Stettinius, who was no Red-baiter.

Another facet of the leftwing campaign was to disparage the nature of the 1700 documents seized by the FBI in *Amerasia's* offices. One of the shrillest leaders of the campaign was *PM's* Washington correspondent, I. F. Stone, who wrote: "There is a joke here about the official who stamped 'secret and confidential' on his telephone book." But Mr. Stone's comments in the *Nation* for June 16, 1945, were prophetic: "I believe that the arrest of the six will prove to have been a very rash move on the part of the State Department and the FBI, and that in this case progressive forces have an unusual opportunity to expose and to purge the reactionary clique which continues to dominate the department and the Foreign Service."

On August 16, 1945, Mr. Grew

resigned. Recently he said he did so because he faced a major operation. With him went his chief aide, Eugene Dooman, and Assistant Secretary Julius Holmes. It was Mr. Holmes who had complained to President Truman about the delay in the *Amerasia* case. Following their departure the *Daily Worker* crowed that "the relatively anti-imperialist forces in the State Department were strengthened." Dean Gooderham Acheson took Mr. Grew's place.

IV

Meanwhile, a series of baffling events were transpiring in the *Amerasia* case. Defense attorneys made repeated trips to Washington to consult with Department of Justice officials. On at least one occasion they spoke to Attorney General Tom C. Clark, now a Justice in the United States Supreme Court. On June 14, 1945, Robert M. Hitchcock of Buffalo, N. Y., was appointed special prosecutor. Eventually Mr. Hitchcock was to become a member of the Buffalo law firm headed by an uncle of Miss Mitchell, one of the defendants. Mr. Hitchcock was to testify that this was mere coincidence. On June 22 Mr. Hitchcock began presenting the Government's case to a District of Columbia Federal grand jury. A mysterious delay then took place, and the Justice Department decided to present the case to

another jury. This move was never adequately explained. As the summer of 1945 ran on it became increasingly apparent that the Justice Department was not going to prosecute the case vigorously.

On August 10 the second jury failed to return indictments against Miss Mitchell, Service and Gayn. It indicted Jaffe, Larsen and Roth on a reduced charge of illegal possession of U. S. property. A few days later an apparently pro-Communist radio commentator, J. Raymond Walsh, stated that Miss Mitchell had "some very powerful connections, which probably led the State Department to wish they had never heard of her." Service's arrest, Walsh added, brought "some exceedingly powerful people within the Government to his defense. Again one can easily infer that those who began this affair wish they hadn't." And to top it off Walsh predicted that the case of Jaffe, Larsen and Roth would be settled without trial. And so it was. On September 29, 1945—a Saturday morning when Federal courts rarely hear cases—Jaffe was permitted to plead guilty before Judge James M. Proctor.

In a hasty and obscure proceeding—at this late date it is impossible to determine whether reporters were present—prosecutor Hitchcock made no effort to inform Judge Proctor of Jaffe's intimate connections

with the Communist party. Neither was the judge informed that *Amerasia* was dedicated to promoting Soviet aspirations in the Far East. Instead, Mr. Hitchcock told the court that Jaffe used the confidential papers as "background" information for *Amerasia* articles, that there was no disloyalty involved nor intent to harm the United States. Jaffe was presented as simply an editor with "an excess of journalistic zeal." He escaped with a \$2500 fine, and the sensational evidence painstakingly dug up by the FBI was kept from the public. How all the documents got out of the State Department and into Jaffe's possession has never been satisfactorily explained. Some of them, we know, were given to Jaffe by John Service, who claimed he was helping out a "legitimate" journalistic enterprise with "routine" information, but was apparently being used by Jaffe.

The charge against Roth was later dismissed on two Government motions. Larsen's \$500 fine was paid by Jaffe, who kicked in an extra \$2500 to reimburse his co-defendant's legal costs. Subsequently Larsen charged he was an innocent victim of Jaffe's machinations, and that there was a "mysterious whitewash of the chief actors" in the case.

Not until recently was any explanation given for the Justice Department's lenient approach towards the

defendants. In substance, department spokesmen claimed that the FBI's evidence, the 1700 documents, could not be taken into court since it was "stolen" and therefore "tainted," and that the OSS fumbled by conducting the original raid on *Amerasia* without a search warrant and seizing the documents illegally. Then there was Larsen's discovery that FBI agents had entered his apartment without a warrant. All this, the Justice Department insisted, gave the defendants a legal loophole through which they could crawl free. Consequently what Mr. Hitchcock was to describe as a "deal" was arranged, as follows:

After Larsen learned the FBI had entered his apartment "illegally" he filed a petition to suppress the documents held as evidence against him. Meanwhile, in another office at the Justice Department, Jaffe's attorney was discussing a possible plea. According to James McInerney, one of the prosecutors, the department's attorneys were fearful that Jaffe's lawyer "would go out into the street and read about this motion to suppress." And if he then checked with Jaffe's superintendent and discovered that the FBI had entered Jaffe's premises, "that would be the whole case, up in the sky," Mr. McInerney said. So the "deal" was arranged.

But FBI spokesmen claim that the bulk of the 1700 documents was

seized legally at the time of the arrests. As Assistant FBI Director D. Milton Ladd testified: "The FBI secured no documents through any means during the course of this investigation except incident to the arrest. They were all legally obtained."

v

Although legally the *Amerasia* case was at an end, its extraordinary disposition aroused a furor in Congress. In 1946 a House subcommittee headed by Representative Sam Hobbs (D., Ala.) was assigned to look into the case. The Democratic majority decided that the Justice Department was above reproach in the case. The minority reports from the Republican members held that though there was nothing to show a "fix" the Government had bungled badly. Then, for four years the transcript of the executive hearings was sealed. Republican Congressmen, who attempted to see it, were informed it was lost. Last spring the "lost" transcript was finally put into the *Congressional Record* by Representative Hobbs.

For the first time, the sharp disagreement between the FBI and the Justice Department was put into the public record. The record also revealed that the FBI's top security officer testified that the *Amerasia* ring "had access to almost everything" in the files of most of the Government's

wartime agencies. It revealed that the State Department's top domestic security officer testified that the very possession of the 1700 documents constituted "a very, very serious threat to the security of the U.S.A." Yet Justice Department spokesmen belittled the importance of the documents on which the case was based. They termed the documents "teacup gossip," "top gossip" and "silly stuff."

But investigator Frank Bielaski charged that the subject of fingerprints on the stolen documents had not been properly covered. "Some of the fingerprints furnish evidence of a *prima facie* case of perjury, which has never been prosecuted by the Department of Justice," Mr. Bielaski declared. All this came to the attention of the special New York Federal grand jury investigating subversive activities. On its own, the jury — which had indicted Judith Coplon and William Remington — decided to look into the case. It began calling as witnesses those persons named in a series on the case appearing in the New York *World-Telegram & Sun*.

The jury's action caught the Justice Department unawares. The publicity attendant to the inquiry was not charitable to the Administration, and the Justice Department promptly dispatched two of its top officials from Washington to check on the jury's unprecedented action. But with less

than two weeks to go the grand jury could only issue a presentment urging that the *Amerasia* probe be continued. It also cleared the OSS and FBI, and urged the Department of Justice to make public a full accounting of the facts. Administration supporters breathed a sigh of relief. Trumpeted the New York *Post*:

The *Amerasia* frenzy has hit the headlines in many places for many months. Now, at last, we hope that it may soon be interred on the obituary pages. In short, this is a story of the scandal that wasn't there. The grand jury's action in no sense proves that *Amerasia* was a handbook for patriots; it was a dreary Communist-front organ. But the jury's action finally destroys the legend that a conspiracy to protect foreign agents existed in high places in 1945.

The reaction to the presentment upset the jury's foreman, John G. Brunini, a former newspaperman. He announced: "We definitely did not conclude the *Amerasia* inquiry. We realized a long, intensive study was needed while our term legally had come to an end." The jury's final re-

port, Mr. Brunini pointed out, urged that the Justice Department issue a full statement of all aspects of the puzzling case, including the reasons for the various peculiar steps taken in connection with the prosecution.

More recently the Administration tried again to bury the *Amerasia* case. To no one's great surprise, the three Democrats on the Tydings subcommittee — Tydings, McMahon and Green — laid on another liberal coat of whitewash, cut the investigation short, and refused to call key witnesses suggested by Republican counsel Robert Morris. They appeared more interested in "exposing" Senator McCarthy.

One Republican committee member, Senator Hickenlooper, was so disgusted he didn't even bother to file a minority report. The other Republican, Senator Lodge, called the investigation "superficial and inconclusive" and "lacking in impartiality." But the day surely will come when the whole ugly story of *Amerasia*, with all its sordid details, will be told to the American people. The Tydings whitewash can only delay that day of reckoning.



THE BEAUTY SALON RACKET

BY ANN GRIFFITH

DOZENS of delightful methods by which ladies can waste their time and money have been invented, but none accomplishes these ends more efficiently than a beauty course. Along Fifth avenue, in the fifties, are several "salons" that will gladly divest you of however much time and money you wish. In return, they offer anything from "polish" and "glamour" to "the self-confidence that will enable you to look forward to the future knowing that you may be a Success at whatever you attempt." Polish and glamour are available at the low, low price of \$25, but self-confidence costs as high as \$250.

So elegant are these establishments that I was considerably surprised to learn that I could cross the threshold for the measly sum of \$25, and amazed that this sum allowed me to remain inside for a total of ten hours. The interior of the salon (hereinafter referred to as Madame LaZonga's) that I chose for my beauty course was perfect in keeping with the exterior —

dripping with elegance. The air was drenched with scents; soft pinks and blues, mirrors, and soft, flattering lights were everywhere, and the legs of the chairs were gold. The employees were as alike as the Rockettes. The strange sort of mask which they seemed, at first glance, to be wearing was the result of skilled application of Madame LaZonga's Complete Make-Up. One of the main things we were to learn was how to apply similar masks to our own faces.

The favorite word in the beauty world is "dear"; the second favorite word is "little." Thus, on the opening day of school, after I and my money had been cordially welcomed, I was told to "get into your little gym-suit, dear." The first thing we learned was that if you put a piece of chalk on each foot and walk the "Madame LaZonga Walk" you will draw a single line. With our present walks we would draw two lines. For reasons which were not explained, we were told that the Madame LaZonga Walk

ANN GRIFFITH has contributed several articles on the magazine industry to past issues of the MERCURY. Her last contribution, "The Success Magazines," appeared in April 1950.

was the "right" walk and all other walks were "wrong." It was the first instance of what became a familiar pattern of dictatorship.

My ten classmates and I practiced the Walk, and then were introduced to the proper, or Madame LaZonga, method of picking up a dropped handkerchief. This is done with a straight back, knees level in the crouch, and no protruding protuberances. After working on it for half an hour we became quite proficient and could pick up the handkerchief from either the right or the left side with equal ease. I use Kleenex, which does not need to be retrieved if dropped, but I did not feel the lesson was a total loss because the same technique could be used on a glove or a scarf. I did feel, however, that the time might have been better employed in teaching us how to *drop* a handkerchief.

While this exercise was going on, we were summoned to the doctor's office, one by one, for our "physical checkup." That was what it was called, and that is how it is described in the promotional literature. It consisted of the following:

Doctor: "What do you weigh?"

Me: "I don't know."

Doctor: "All right, let's weigh you." (I was weighed and measured for height, and the results were written down. Hips, waist, etc., were measured and very carefully noted.)

Doctor: "Have you ever had any diseases or operations?"

Me: "No."

Doctor: "How do you feel?"

Me: "Fine."

Doctor: "Good."

— End of physical checkup.

After we had learned all there is to know about picking up handkerchiefs, we were told to get out of our little gym-suits, dress, and report to the make-up room. Here we were scrutinized by a wavy-haired man who, with the ease and assurance of an expert, diagnosed our complexions and prescribed appropriate shades of Madame LaZonga's endless line of beauty preparations. Other experts joined him, and we were shown individually how to apply the seven components of the Complete Make-Up.

First came the foundation cream, which hides the entire face. A college girl with flawless skin tried to protest, but the dictatorship had a ready answer: "Everybody should use a foundation cream all the time to keep the dirt and soot out of the pores." As far as I could discover, no product was available to keep foundation cream out of the pores. The experts persevered through the whole tedious sequence of rouge, powder, eyebrow pencil, mascara, eye shadow and lipstick. Ever alert to the possibility of increased sales for her products, Madame LaZonga had worked out an

ingenious law about eye shadow. It used to be, her representatives explained, that you chose a shade to match your eyes. Now it was "becoming fashionable to use a shade that complements or contrasts with your dress." Her solution was to use both, one on top of the other.

So went the second of our two hours for that day, and after being told to "put away your little make-up capes and your little head-bands," we were dismissed. My self-consciousness at emerging onto the street with my Complete Make-Up was not lessened by the first person I had converse with. I stopped for a cup of coffee, and the man who served me inquired, "You in television?"

II

The next day began with exercises. Most doctors favor, for excellent reasons, the gradual approach — ten minutes, or, at the most fifteen, at first. We were given an hour. Our condition for the next few days was pitiable. I suspect that the reason for the strenuous dosage was to convince us that the course was "doing something" for us.

The second half of this day was devoted to fashion, on which The Word was delivered to us by an attractive, beautifully tailored young woman. She opened with some general remarks on what "they are showing"

and what "they are wearing," and went on with predictions as to what "they will be wearing this summer." This is probably the most mysterious "they" in the English language, and it is impossible to discover who exactly it refers to. But the law says you must do as "they" do.

Then we discussed "types." According to Madame LaZonga, every girl should have a type; in fact, she should have two types so that there will be some variety. But nobody should be a conservative type, because "that means you are not sure of yourself. . . . Your type should be according to the way you feel, not the way you are." After cagily asking me if I were still in school, and receiving the expected negative, our instructor tactfully opined that I had clung to the "juvenile" type a bit too long — I should now push on to the "tailored" and "sophisticated." She felt that my "bustline should be raised 1.5 to 2 inches." I do not know whether that is one of the steps in progressing from "juvenile" to "sophisticated," or whether it was suggested because "they" are wearing them that way this year. "Falsies" were prescribed for all who needed them. Madame LaZonga felt it was perfectly OK to wear them, and likened them to men's shoulder paddings. But once adopted, they should be worn all the time, "because your

clothes won't fit properly if you just wear them now and then."

We were let in on a new Fashion Secret. It is good to dress "according to your surroundings." If you are at home most of the day, in the living room, say, and the walls of the living room are light blue, it is proper to wear a nicely contrasting dark blue dress. Same with light and dark green.

The third morning began with another hour of exercise, but stiffness from the preceding day made the slightest movement unbearable. My reporter's zeal abruptly deserted me, and I retired to my little dressing-room and read. I rejoined my classmates, however, for the second lesson in make-up. The basic routine we had already learned seemed complicated enough, but it developed that there was a great deal to go through before even beginning to apply the Complete Make-Up. An "individual skin analysis" disclosed that each and every skin present was crying for one, two or three of Madame LaZonga's preparatory preparations. I began to see why we needed to go to school to learn how to use Madame LaZonga's wares. We had by this time been introduced to a bewildering array of products, all of which were necessary to our present and vital to our future. At no time did it become completely clear to me when you used what, in what order, and what for. But it was

made very clear that use them we must!

There is only one way, the Madame LaZonga way, to apply creams and remove creams, and we practiced the steps again and again. The great thing is to "avoid stretching the muscles." A middle-aged lady with a neck like a turkey gobbler asked if these prescribed motions would "fill in her neck." Wavy-hair, the male assistant, sparred with her on that one. "We don't like to use that term, dear. We say it will help to firm the neck muscles." "But," she persisted, pulling at some excess skin, "will it fill me in here?" He stuck to his guns. "It will *firm* the muscles."

The fourth day was devoted to an all-out attack on our hair, with results which were in every case calamitous. The schedule promised a "smart new coiffure, specially styled for you . . . a coiffure that's both wonderfully becoming and easy to care for"; but "specially styled for you" turned out to mean as nearly like Carol Channing as possible. Out of our class of eleven, ten of us had our locks snipped off, willy-nilly.

On previous mornings when we arrived at school we were complimented by the staff on how well we looked and how much we had benefited by the preceding day's work. But as well-trained in hypocrisy as they were, they were unable to muster up any-

thing nice to say on the morning after haircutting day. I doubt if an assortment of such weird and scraggly "coiffures" has ever before been gathered under one roof. Nobody had been able to care for her "easy to care for" hairdo for even one day. With all the production-line efficiency of the course, I would have expected better liaison between the Fashion Department and the Hairdressing Department. Having been told by the former to stop being juvenile and grow up, it was confusing to be told by the latter that I needed a "younger" haircut because I wasn't, after all, so old.

On the fifth and final day we were given a "doctor's recheck" which was as thorough as the original checkup. Then there was a singularly jumbled talk on diet, in the course of which we were bidden to "promise me, girls, that you'll eat three to four pounds of fresh fruit every day." And, as if Madame LaZonga had not already been generous enough, we received a rumba lesson. Lasting less than ten minutes, it succeeded in teaching nobody anything, but it did bring about the final humiliation of one of my classmates. A large, maladjusted girl, she had been unable to do any of the simple tasks assigned to us as Madame LaZonga wanted them done. Far from becoming "more confident," as the advertisements promised, she had

only added a few more items to the already overwhelming list of things which she wasn't quite able to do. During the rumba lesson our teacher, with her usual lack of insight, singled her out from the group, shouted directions at her which she was too confused and embarrassed to follow, and finally asked her to retire to the end of the line, where she wouldn't "hold back the rest."

Then came the third and last make-up lesson. We had not, it seemed, explored quite all the intricacies of that art, and in this final session we were shown the products you put on *before* you put on the preparations which you put on before the Complete Make-Up. Some of these products apparently had medicinal properties, to correct various "skin conditions." "How long," asked one of my classmates, "should you go on using them?" "Oh goodness," cried Madame LaZonga's minion, "the rest of your life!"

Now, at last, we were in possession of our complete, individual beauty ritual. So complicated and time-consuming had it become that one pupil asked if you were supposed to do this when you were going out, or should you go through with it when you were only going to be hanging around the house. The answer was, of course, we wear our make-up all the time, we don't like to look at ourselves in the

mirror *ever* and see ourselves not looking our best, *do we!*

At the end of this last session we all looked ready to step right into a performance of *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. In spite of the hectic flush of rouge on my cheeks, the alarming rainbow of color produced by three shades of eye shadow, the newly-painted-on eyebrows, and a completely new mouth, I could still recognize myself, but whether a casual acquaintance could have spotted me beneath the disguise I seriously doubt.

The staff was pleased as punch with all of us. We looked "wonderful, simply wonderful." But I guess you'll always find ungrateful people wherever you go. One pupil, a dark-haired Italian girl who had been fresh-faced, natural and attractive, had been transformed by her ten hours with Madame LaZonga into something you might find singing and dancing in a third-rate New Jersey night club. She stared for a long moment at her make-up encrusted face, in which only the eyes seemed alive, and then said wonderingly: "But this isn't my personality!" She was quickly silenced by the staff. Madame LaZonga could not be wrong — this *must* be her personality, even if she didn't know it. "You'll get used to it," they assured her. They should have referred her to the brochure which advertises the course. It's right there in black and

white, "Your face, your figure, your hair, your clothes, the way you walk and sit . . . all become polished and glamorized — *a true expression of your personality.*"

That we had become to a gratifying extent dependent on Madame LaZonga was clear from a crisis which developed just before dismissal. My neighbor, after more than an hour's labor in applying her own special make-up, had a dreadful mishap on the last lap. Somehow or other her little lipstick slipped, and an infinitesimal amount of it smeared over the corner of her mouth. Simply wiping off the offending smear would not do. Too many layers would come off with it. The staff realized the gravity of the situation and held a hurried consultation. I was afraid the verdict would be that she would have to remove everything and start way back at the beginning again. But no, they worked over her, removing this, applying that, and reapplying the other, until the damage was repaired. When the excitement had died down, the object of it turned to me and said philosophically, "You know, I'm glad that happened, I'm really glad that happened because now I know what to do. Suppose it had happened at home — I wouldn't have known *what* to do!"

We were each given a handsome chart, our Individual Beauty Guide

which we could keep for our very own, on which were written down the many preparations we needed, along with directions as to when and how to use them. This brought us to this last, and most important, moment of the course — the purchase of Madame LaZonga's products. My chart called for a minimum of 14 (fourteen) different preparations. Had I stopped and bought them, instead of slipping out while nobody was looking, the total cost would have been \$20.75.

III

Essentially, we had wasted \$25 and ten hours in learning how beauty, according to the LaZonga pattern, could be ours for an additional \$20. But you can be relieved of much larger chunks of money and time, both at Madame LaZonga's and at other "salons." At present, a rival establishment will take \$250 and a minimum of 90 hours in exchange for a course designed to create "A NEW FACE, A NEW FIGURE, A NEW YOU!"

Naturally, this is a tremendously souped-up course compared to Madame's modest offering. It promises "self-confidence" and "Success at whatever you attempt":

We know here that everything a woman does and every thought she thinks, can add to or detract from her

loveliness; so [the salon in question] takes into consideration every activity of your daily life and shows you how to make these activities part of your beauty ritual. You learn how to eat "as a beauty eats"; how to stand, sit, walk and speak as a beauty does, too.

People with rather advanced "weight problems" seem to go for this course, and undoubtedly are helped by the exercises and advice on diet. Information on these subjects is available a good deal more cheaply from the public library — but why quibble about it, the library can't teach you how to "eat as a beauty eats." Nor is it a place where "Wallflowers are transformed into belles of the ball." (All belles of the same ball? Is it possible to have more than one belle for any given ball?)

It is almost worth the price of admission just to see the black magic that is practiced behind these portals. It's a strange world — rooms full of ladies flopping heavily about on the floor, ladies wandering around with vari-colored preparations working wonders on their skins, ladies under the dryer, ladies receiving the attentions of the manicurist, the pedicurist, the masseuse, and everywhere ladies lying on "beauty angle boards" in the "beauty angle position." The innermost sanctum is reserved for the "Beauty Cradle," in which one takes, as part of the course, "the fabulous

Rock-A-Bye-Lady Face Treatment, the most talked about beauty news in a decade. . . . You rock to the beat of your heart, while [the salon's] preparations work wonders with your skin. As you rock, the force of gravity sends vitalizing blood to your face and stimulates your circulation. So you see, it is more than a beauty treatment . . . it is 'MOTION-LESS' exercise, too."

A preliminary analysis at this salon had already disclosed the many things that the course could do for me, not the least of which was to "remove the expression lines" from my face. Later I went back with a friend, and told the experts there that I was all ready to sign up if I could persuade her to take the course with me. The friend was carefully selected — just returned from two weeks' skiing in Canada; bursting with health and vitality; skin aglow thanks to no beauty preparations; pretty face, pretty hair, and plenty of "poise and personality." That she so obviously needed none of their ministrations bothered them not at all. They decided she would benefit by taking an inch off here, an inch off there, and "perhaps a little bit off the legs." This did not seem quite worth the price. "But," in a flash of inspiration, "from the health standpoint alone the course is well worth it!" The idea of promoting this outdoor girl's health by cooping her

up for 90 hours in the poisonous atmosphere of a beauty parlor struck me as unsound. At no time during our interview was there the slightest suggestion from any of the experts that perhaps my friend might not *need* the course. One cannot blame them for being tempted by the possibility of two "tuitions," or \$500. However, in view of the fact that they themselves adjudged her figure "lovely," her posture "perfect," and her hairdo "very nice," it certainly must have occurred to them that they had little to offer her. In any case, one's opinion of their integrity would be higher if they had at least mentioned that shorter, less expensive courses were also available.

The propaganda poured forth by these and similar establishments has been extremely effective. A recent inquiring photographer's column in a New York newspaper asked the question: "If you could choose between beauty and brains, which would you take?" Of the five young women questioned, two chose beauty because "you need it to get ahead." The other three chose brains because "with enough brains you know how to get beauty." One of them elaborated on her choice: "With brains, you can make the money to go to beauty parlors and hairdressers and have them give you the beauty."

THE CASE FOR NATURAL HYGIENE

BY HERBERT M. SHELTON, D.P., N.D., AND SYMON GOULD

This is the ninth in the MERCURY series of discussions of various forms of the healing art. The case for natural hygiene is presented by two men recognized as authorities in the field. Dr. Shelton has engaged in hygienic practice for more than thirty years, during which time he has cared for some 30,000 patients. He is president of the American Natural Hygiene Society, head of Dr. Shelton's Health School in San Antonio, Tex., editor and publisher of Dr. Shelton's Hygienic Review, and probably the leading living theoretician on the hygienic movement. Mr. Gould, a well-known American vegetarian, is public relations director of the natural hygiene movement and a long-time student of nutrition. Dr. Wassersug, who presents the medical point of view regarding natural hygiene, is familiar to readers of this series. He is an instructor in medicine at Tufts Medical School.

NATURAL hygiene is based on the premise that those things which are constitutionally adapted to the *preservation* of health are the only things necessary to the *restoration* of health. It embraces every directly beneficial substance and condition found in nature, and it rejects nothing that nature does not also reject. Both in preserving and restoring health, it employs those things which have a *normal* relationship to the living organism, and it applies them in accordance with well-defined natural laws. The system came into being over a hundred years ago, when Dr. Russell Thacker Trall grew dissatisfied with the methods of the medical schools of the time and their inability

to cope successfully with all diseases, including his own. With a few colleagues, he set about revising the physiological concepts then in vogue; the result was a set of new and verified principles, which were embodied in the system of healing and rational living called natural hygiene.

The philosophy and practice of natural hygiene is not to be confused with any other school of therapeutics, past or present. Its principles and practices are new and original; they have never been written into the textbooks of other schools of healing, nor have they been taught in their colleges. While naturopathy also claims to be a system of natural healing, it is therapeutic rather than hygienic; it

is an "eclectic" system which has borrowed its methods of treatment from the allopaths, homeopaths, chiropractors, osteopaths, herbalists and hygienists; at the same time, it has developed, on its own, a good 90 per cent of present-day physiotherapy. The true hygienist rejects all synthetic foods and vitamin pellets, but the naturopaths do a flourishing business in selling them to their patients. Many naturopaths are also fond of the hypodermic needle, and some of them even practice surgery. They employ the techniques of "orthodox" medical diagnosis as well as the useless practice of "iridagnosis" [checking the eyes for symptoms of disease], and they inevitably make at least as many mistakes in diagnosis as the allopaths. Altogether, too many of them are engaged in treating the disease itself, instead of removing the causes of disease — which means, as in the case of all other therapeutic schools, that their practice is a senseless routine of spectacular palliation. On the other hand, the natural hygienists attempt no "cures," employ no gadgets; they seek only to remove the cause of disease, and to supply the conditions of health. They make no compromise with any of the other schools of healing.

The guiding principles of natural hygiene were developed from a recognition of the self-healing powers of the

body. To aid these powers, the hygienists make a judicious use of fresh air, pure water, sunshine, exercise, rest, bathing and natural foods, which contain the basic cell-replenishing and tissue-building elements — foods which have not had their vitamin-mineral content altered or impaired. Vitally important in the hygienic care of the sick is a period of physiological rest — or fasting — which, when properly conducted, enables the body to free itself of accumulated toxins, and to regenerate much of its impaired structure. The cardinal principle of such hygienic care is to provide "*conditions which economize the vital expenditures,*" as Dr. Trall expressed it. Hygienists maintain that feeding the sick does not nourish them, but exhausts them; fasting, therefore, is a conservative measure and one plainly demanded by the sick body, according to the laws of nature. This is readily observable in the total rejection of proffered food by sick animals. The fast permits the body to rest; during this rest, the body grows stronger and is gradually able to expell the toxins which have accumulated throughout the system. Thus, through fasting, the body is enabled to heal itself.

Dr. Beaumont, the famous authority on digestion, made prolonged studies of the actions of the stomach under extraordinary conditions. His

investigations showed that no digestive juices are secreted when there is fever, inflammation and pain (the usual internal conditions associated with disease), and therefore food cannot be digested. The medical profession, however, refuses to accept this axiomatic deduction in its treatment of the sick; in the opinion of hygienists, it fails to take advantage of a vital method of helping nature to restore a healthy physiological balance. To this day, although Dr. Beaumont's findings have been repeatedly verified by physiologists, medical men continue to feed even their acutely-ill patients. Such feedings, if Dr. Beaumont's conclusions are correct, may be fatal in many cases which would stage rapid recoveries if granted the physiological rest of the hygienic system.

The scientific hygienic fast has achieved complete recovery in 71 per cent of 155 cases treated by Dr. William L. Esser, the noted hygienist of Lake Worth, Fla. Partial recovery was achieved in 20 per cent of the other cases, and failure in only 9 per cent. The cases covered a total of 31 different types of disease, including ulcers, tumors, tuberculosis, sinusitis, pyorrhea, Parkinson's disease, heart disease, insomnia, gallstones, epilepsy, colitis, hay fever, bronchitis, asthma and arthritis. These averages can be matched by other practicing hygien-

ists. The length of the shortest fast was five days; the longest, 55 days.

While no hygienist would assert that man cannot live on flesh alone (witness, the short-lived Eskimo), he also knows that man is constitutionally frugivorous and that fruits and vegetables are his best fare. Therefore, the system of natural hygiene employs a fruit and vegetable diet. It does not necessarily follow that the average vegetarian in this country — who is rarely a hygienist — is aware of the scientific aspects of this diet. He is most often influenced by the ethical creed of his faith, and he has no scruples against using white sugar, salt, white bread, condiments of various kinds, and excessive quantities of carbohydrates. Some vegetarians are even addicted to smoking, but all such habits are excluded from the regimen of the true natural hygienist. Again, the "vegetarian" theory of nutrition is primarily concerned with abstinence from flesh, fish or fowl; it does not consider the proper balancing and combination of foods and it consistently ignores the hygienist stricture against overeating, since many vegetarians believe that they must make up for the seeming lack of proteins in their diet by eating large quantities of cereals and legumes.

They also indulge in meat-substitutes and such meatless mockeries as "protose steak," "mock hamburger,"

"nuttose veal cutlets" and other grain, peanut and soybean concentrates, which they boil or fry and serve with gravy to simulate the flesh they seem to regret having abandoned. Finally, they tend to by-pass natural healing by seeking the services of a medical practitioner whenever they develop an ailment. On the other hand, when comedian Fred Allen developed extreme hypertension, and was about to undergo an operation on his sympathetic nervous system, the natural hygienic procedures helped to bring his blood pressure down to normal in short order. Today the noted radio wit is a convert to the scientific vegetarian diet.

II

The general procedure of the natural hygienist is to treat the sick body as a physiological unit, and to reverse the progress of the abuses which have produced the sickness. He considers disease as a remedial process designed by nature to restore the physiological harmony of the depleted organism. He contends that "medicines" do not act, but are in reality acted upon by the diseased body, which resists and expels them. He believes that this actually depletes the vitality which the body needs for its restoration to health.

The allopath, on the other hand, merely acts to suppress the healing

effort. He creates the illusion of a "cure," which encourages the patient in the same errors of living, and allows him to believe that he can again find "relief" for the same ailment or for some other malady in the future. Such a psychological approach has resulted in the popular habit of drug-dependence. Nursed along in this assumption, a patient's constitution is slowly undermined by drug-indulgence and a succession of sicknesses. This usually paves the way for some more serious degenerative disease, and he becomes an habitu   of the doctor's office, a chronic sufferer, or the victim of complete collapse. The United States can today claim a roster of 23 million people who suffer from chronic diseases — including a high percentage of physicians, who seem unable to cure their own ailments, even as they continue to prescribe futile remedies for their patients.

This is because the orthodox physician still relies chiefly on drugs, or poison, to "cure" himself and his patients. Like the homeopath, he has never been willing to admit that drugs are toxic, qualitatively as well as quantitatively, and he seems to believe they "act" upon the body. But obviously the drug is as inert in the body as in the test tube, and the only real action is that of the living organism, which rejects and expels the drug and actually repairs itself. The

allopath relies upon drugs in order to kill germs, because he believes that germs are the cause of disease; but to the hygienist, this is a complete absurdity. If germs play any rôle in the causation of disease, it is a secondary and complicating one, which can only be added to a number of factors which collectively constitute the cause. A condition of *susceptibility* must first be produced in the fluids and tissues of the body, by enervating habits, before the germ can gain a foothold. Such habits check the processes of body elimination, which in turn produces toxemia, or retention of waste, throughout the body. Toxemia, of course, is a *constant*, while the presence of germs may be either ubiquitous or adventitious. The hygienist ignores the germ and eliminates the toxemia. He restores normal nerve energy and corrects all enervating habits and influences, because he knows that when this is done, the body will make short work of the germs.

Unfortunately, there are a great many common enervating habits in vogue today, which explains why we are a nation of chronic sufferers. They include the use of alcohol, tobacco, coffee, tea, soft drinks, laxatives, and other well-advertised products. We have the medical profession to thank for these evils. They have not only introduced them to the people as "medicines," but have endorsed them,

and have spread the belief in the beneficence of such poisons by their unwillingness to condemn them. Whiskey, wine and beer are evil, in direct proportion to the amount used. Medical authorities cannot agree on the harmfulness of these beverages, primarily because they are compelled to endorse the use of any "stimulating" poison — *in moderation*; but they also disagree because they look for specific diseases as the result of such habits. They find none, because the actual result is enervation. Specific and unitary causes are great delusions, along with specific diseases.

Yet we are faced almost daily in the public press with such a paradox as one medical man endorsing cigarettes while another associates the growing incidence of lung-cancer with the increased use of tobacco. Even the official mouthpiece of the American Medical Association is not above accepting full-page cigarette advertisements. The end results of such duplicity are to be found in our national habits of indulgence, which lead to disease and the doctor's office.

Indeed, even after medical treatment, today's patient usually resumes the same old enervating practices, and soon another crisis — acute disease — develops. It is not the medical rule to associate this with the original ailment. They are thought of as separate and distinct. But when crisis after

crisis ensues, as the result of enervating living, the tissues affected will undergo organic change, giving rise to so-called organic disease. And it is in the realm of such organic diseases that the curing systems meet their Waterloos, because there is no longer any tendency to spontaneous recovery as in the acute diseases; there is instead a tendency to grow progressively worse. Obviously, the *cause* of the disease has never been recognized or removed. But the hygienist knows that toxemia grows out of checked elimination, which results in disease; and he knows that *chronic disease is due to chronic provocation*. Acute diseases develop, intermittently, because the toxemic state is forced above the toleration point only intermittently.

It is the hygienic position that an intelligent person, with a few simple instructions, can care for patients with acute diseases more successfully than such patients are cared for today. The Shelton Health Schools have cared for hundreds of acutely-ill patients during the past 31 years, including cases of such diseases as measles, scarlet fever, typhoid fever, pneumonia, diphtheria, smallpox and poliomyelitis — and not a single one of these patients has died or failed to recover. Nor have they ever developed complications, which hygienists contend are due to suppressive treatments.

The care these patients received was simplicity itself; they were put to bed in well-lighted, well-ventilated rooms; *all food was withheld*; water was given according to the demands of thirst; they were kept warm and left alone. There was no meddlesome temperature-taking, pulse-counting or any other form of annoying officiousness which prevents rest, and which usually exerts an adverse psychological effect on the sensitive patient. Instead, the hygienist simply provided for the physiological requirements of the organism in its debilitated condition, and set up no opposition to the body's own remedial processes. In infant diarrhea, for example, so prevalent and so fatal in most of the country, how simple, how natural and yet how successful is the plan of withholding food until the diarrhea ceases! And how tragically foolish to hold the noses of the poor children, to force food into their protesting bodies, and then to administer "astringents" — *to keep it in!* (The hygienic plan has been equally successful in so-called amoebic dysentery.)

III

In the treatment of chronic or organic diseases, natural hygiene stands alone with successful recoveries in cases of arthritis, peptic ulcer, asthma, sinusitis, chronic bronchitis, hay fever, high and low blood pressure, tubercu-

losis, and heart disease. All cases do not recover, since hygiene has its limitations and the body's self-healing powers are also limited; but wherever the cause of diseases is removed before organic change has become too damaging, recovery will surely follow. Take diabetes, for example, a condition which had its beginning with the first cold of infancy. The toxemic individual who overburdens his pancreas with carbohydrate excess is most likely to develop diabetes. Enervating habits of body and mind will help to evolve and intensify this disease, and recovery will depend on the amount of functioning tissue left in the pancreas. Fortunately, all but the most advanced cases retain sufficient functioning tissue to meet ordinary demands, once these tissues are restored to full health. The problem is not to palliate the disease so that no sugar appears in the urine, but to restore the functioning power of the remaining islands of Langerhans in the pancreas, so they may effectively control sugar metabolism.

Toxemia must also be eliminated, usually by physiological rest. Hygienists employed the fast in diabetes many years before Dr. Allen revealed his "starvation-treatment"; but Dr. Allen ended his fasts once the sugar had disappeared from the urine, while hygienists continue the fasting until the patient is completely freed of

accumulated toxins. Nerve energy is next restored to normal by mental and physical rest. The patient is put to bed in a pleasant, quiet place and taught mental poise. Gradually, nerve energy is replenished and increased, secretion and excretion become normal, and health is slowly restored. Such a recovery is an evolution in reverse. The remaining functioning tissue in the pancreas is able to supply the needed insulin and there is no more diabetes. Furthermore, when feeding is resumed, a diet rich in minerals and vitamins will result in actual glandular regeneration.

It is also necessary to correct the whole life of the patient. Like a cripple, he must be taught to live within his limitations. Enervation will always check elimination and thus produce toxemia — self-poisoning from the retention of normal body waste — and the sorry cycle of disease-building will begin again. The patient who, after recovery, returns to his previous habits of living, is like the Biblical sow who, after being washed, returned to wallowing in the mire. The ultimate cause of man's many diseases is wrong living, and the ultimate remedy is the correction of his mode of life.

Though asthma is commonly regarded as incurable, the Shelton School of Health has handled hundreds of asthmatics, and only three of

them have failed to recover, largely because they refused to carry out instructions faithfully. Some of the asthmatics had suffered for over twenty years; others were unable to sleep lying in bed and consequently slept in a sitting position. After 24 to 36 hours without food they were sleeping twelve to sixteen hours a day — lying in bed! In general, their care was the same as that described for the diabetic.

When ulcer patients are placed upon such a fast, they commonly experience two to three days of increased pain; then, gastric secretion ceases and they become comfortable. With the stomach at rest, the ulcer heals and does not recur, *unless the patient returns to his old habits of living*. In arthritis, the most severe pains will gradually cease when eating is discontinued; after the swelling subsides, the joint will soon be useful again. If there is deformity, this may be wholly or partially absorbed by autolysis, just as tumors are absorbed. Ankylosis [complete ossification of the joint] is unfortunately permanent.

High blood pressure, too, is hardly a problem to the hygienist, when a systolic pressure of 295 can be brought down to 115 after three weeks of fasting and rest. If the patient continues to live hygienically, the pressure will not rise again; if he returns to his former habits, it is bound to go up. We

cannot get away from the need to avoid the cause of disease. Physicians, not hygienists, peddle indulgences. As for the several forms of heart disease, most of them are also remediable through natural hygiene. All causes of enervation must first be corrected to give the heart a rest. After this preliminary period of rest and toxin elimination, carefully supervised exercise will gradually strengthen the heart muscle. Finally, it is especially valuable to follow up with a moderate diet, consisting largely of fresh fruits and green vegetables. All enervating practices, particularly the use of tobacco, must be discontinued.

While the dread disease of cancer can be prevented, it cannot be remedied. "Cures" of *early cancer* are merely "cures" where there is no cancer. In numerous cases diagnosed as cancer, where operations were actually urged, hygienists have effected complete and permanent recoveries, in three days to two weeks. They were not cancers at all, and it is safe to say they would never have become cancer, in most cases. Since the disease never develops in healthy tissue, it is a simple matter to prevent it, through hygienic living.

IV

One of the vital shortcomings of modern medical science is its tendency to employ every possible *legitimate*

method of palliation. Natural hygiene maintains that this ultra-diversion of treatment defeats its own purpose; it accomplishes little against the ever-rising tide of chronic disease. Hygienists believe that the body should be considered as a unit when in a state of disease; it should not be sliced up in sections for the material benefit of specialists. A person suffering from an ailment is a physiological entity.

While it is quite true that medical science is *legitimate* today, it seems to employ the monopolistic privileges of commercial cartels by consigning all other healing arts to the limbo of "quacks" and ignorami. Yet such worthy and eminent members of the medical profession as Drs. Richard Cabot and William Osler have also impugned the diagnostic accuracy of the average physician, to a high degree. Unfortunately, such statistics are seldom publicized. But a recent issue of a national magazine with a circulation of almost 4 million carried a detailed exposé, supported by the statements of eminent medical authorities, which revealed that a great percentage of common surgical operations are unnecessary. There is ob-

viously no justification for medical monopoly.

Hygiene is in accord with the necessarily rigid disciplines which constitute a healing science. The system is actually based on keen observation, impersonal and unemotional acquisition of facts, logical deductions and the application of facts to daily problems. Its philosophy, which has its roots deep in the daily life of every human being, was arrived at through more than a century of experience, and it seeks today to educate the public to return to a more natural way of living. Good health does not consist of fleeting periods of health interrupted by constant bouts with sickness. Though hygienists are often harassed by the vigilante actions of medical associations, they have benefited thousands, not only by eliminating the causes of their diseases, but by revealing to them a mode of living which confers lasting health, through certain immutable laws of eating, resting and non-enervating conduct. These laws are observed by more than half a million hygienists in this country and other parts of the world, who enjoy the daily benefits of good health through good living.



THE CASE AGAINST NATURAL HYGIENE

BY JOSEPH D. WASSERSUG, M.D.

UPON superficial inspection one might see no cause for opposition to natural hygiene, since both nature and hygiene are reputable guides for good living. For generations, physicians — more than any other group or class of healers — have commented with respect and reverence upon the *vis mediatrix Naturae* or upon the *vis mediatrix Dei*, depending on the mood of the doctor or the philosophy of his times. Physicians have incessantly fought for the education of the public in matters of hygiene and have instituted and supported legislation designed to give our people good food, fresh air and pure drinking water. Why, then, is natural hygiene in reality a fraudulent and cruel hoax perpetrated on the sick, the gullible and the unwary?

The answer is found in the premise of natural hygiene as expounded by Shelton and Gould. Natural hygiene, they say, is *all* that is necessary to the restoration of health. Just give a person, no matter how sick he is or how dreadful the disease, enough fresh air, water, rest and fasting and, presto!, he recovers completely. There was a time, a few generations ago, when

fresh air, good food and water to drink were all that any healer, including the physician, had to offer the sick. Life expectancy then was about 35 years. Today it is 65. The added 30 years of life have come entirely as the result of medical progress.

It is amusing to find Shelton and Gould rejecting their brothers under the skin — the naturopaths and the vegetarians. Natural hygiene, like naturopathy, is guilty of the same paucity of observation, the same errors of logic and the same unwillingness to submit to scientific scrutiny. Both naturopathy and natural hygiene refuse to acknowledge the germ causation of certain diseases in spite of incontrovertible evidence to the contrary. Both natural hygiene and naturopathy are opposed to prophylactic vaccinations of any sort, or to the use of serums to combat certain diseases, including deadly lockjaw. Both are equally reprehensible in their efforts to drag down the modern citadel of health. Natural hygiene, actually, is a misnomer. It is neither natural nor hygiene. It would be far better to apply a new and more suitable designation for this cult,

and the term "naturopathoid" at once suggests itself.

In evaluating the facts, let us consider first the matter of drugs, which appear to be a thorn in the flesh to to the cultists. Doctors use drugs, they howl, and drugs are *poisons*, unnatural products designed to enervate the human race. But the term "drug" has two legitimate meanings, neither of which is synonymous with "opiate" or "narcotic" — (1.) a simple substance from which medicaments may be prepared; and (2.), by extension, any medicinal substance, simple or compound.

The great majority of the most potent drugs that the physician today possesses are those derived from herbs, plants, fungi or animal organs. For example *quinine* is derived from Peruvian bark. The modern white quinine tablet is simply a convenient, purified and concentrated bark preparation. If one needs quinine, one has a choice of either growing the tree in his backyard and nibbling at the bark, or going to a druggist for a few quinine tablets. Still another example are the *salicylates*, so valuable in treating fevers and pains, which were originally obtained from teaberry oil. Thanks to modern chemical science, the housewife no longer has to gather teaberries, but can buy aspirin or other salicylates at the drugstore. The salicylates derived from natural oils

and those obtained from drugs are identical in their chemical and physiological behavior. A third drug, streptomycin, is a derivative of a fungus that grows in manured fields. In this present age of city dwelling, it is increasingly difficult for the average person to possess his own fields, or to manure them, since the horse has almost vanished from the urban scene. It is much easier to get streptomycin from a sterile glass vial nowadays, and the source is just as natural as that of any of the vaunted fruits and vegetables that the naturopath or the naturopathoid uses. Morphine and opium, which bring blessed relief from pain to the victim of kidney colic or the soldier wounded in battle, are derived from poppies, still another wholly "natural" source.

The list could be continued almost endlessly. Atropine is derived from a plant belonging to the potato family and known technically as the *Solanaceae*. Colchicine, which is most valuable in gout, is derived from colchicum seeds. Digitalis comes to the doctor from the foxglove plant. Ephedrine was originally a Chinese plant (*Ma huang*). Stramonium, a drug commonly used in the treatment of "creeping paralysis" and other conditions, comes from the leaves of the Jimson plant.

Another large group of substances that natural hygienists criticize physi-

cians for using, since they are *drugs* (horrors!), are derived from the organs of animals and can be obtained at their crude source if the patient has the time, energy and money to own a medium-sized cattle ranch. Insulin, even in its purest modern forms, comes originally from the pancreas of animals. The diabetic has a choice of either slaughtering a herd of cows and cutting out the pancreas, or taking his insulin at home through a clean and sterile hypodermic needle. The adrenal glands are valuable to the doctor not only for lifesaving adrenalin, but for cortical hormones so useful nowadays in treating rheumatism and allergic conditions. The adrenal glands are tiny organs, both of them together weighing less than an ounce. The patient who needs adrenalin has neither the time nor the skill, even if he has the money, to obtain enough adrenalin or cortical hormones from their original sources. But, if the laboratory purified it for the doctor, does that make it poisonous or unnatural? Here, again, the list could be continued almost endlessly to prove that the drugs that physicians use cannot be criticized on the ground that they come from unnatural sources.

Modern medical science, it must be admitted, has gone one step further. By chemical analysis it has endeavored to determine the composition of

many of these valuable drugs and has endeavored either to imitate them in the laboratory, so as to provide sick people with identical but less costly compounds, or to improve upon them so that all of the benefit and none of the harmful or disagreeable effects would remain. For example, morphine has an almost magic ability to relieve pain, yet, if taken over a long period of time, it is likely to cause addiction. Even if it is used for short periods, it may cause constipation, nausea, vomiting or other unpleasant effects. It would be wonderful to be able to create new compounds that have all of the good and none of the troublesome qualities of morphine by starting with pure chemicals in laboratory crucibles. As a matter of fact, many compounds have already been synthesized along these lines of investigation, and some have proved to have several advantages over morphine. It is hardly immoral, unreasonable or unhygienic to invoke every possible method to cure disease and relieve suffering. But Dr. Shelton apparently doesn't think so.

II

Modern technology has taken us in many ways far beyond the horse and buggy stage. Medicines are not always used wisely any more than automobiles are driven safely, but this merely calls for better-trained physicians —

and drivers — not for cultists, or the return of the horse-drawn carriage. A few weeks stay at a Shelton Health School may be an experience of a sort, but it is not medical training.

The assumption that the physician relies primarily on drugs is no longer valid, if it ever was. The modern physician relies on rest, diet and all of the other basic ingredients that the natural hygienist uses, *plus* an extensive knowledge of drugs and their actions, which the naturopathoid does not possess — he scoffs at such knowledge in an effort to hide his ignorance.

Take the subject of rest, which the natural hygienist seems to regard as his own monopoly. To quote the opening paragraphs of Dr. Logan Clendening's text, *Methods of Treatment*:

Rest is the best therapeutic measure the physician (as distinguished from the surgeon) has in his armamentarium. No book on therapeutics can afford to go on to other methods without first putting down rest. . . . Rest in bed will do more for diseases than any other single procedure. The rest cure is not designed alone for worn-out nervous systems. With it we can treat heart disease without drugs, tuberculosis without climate, appendicitis without surgery. Without it we can do nothing. Rest seems to tap the great reserve forces of nature and bring them welling back to the sick body and the sick spirit.

This, please note, is an opening statement in a medical textbook written by a regular physician with a large and extensive practice. No "drugless healer" has ever been able to phrase the virtue of rest so admirably and so concisely.

Physicians who are accustomed to treat illness in its many diversified forms have learned, however, to regard rest as a two-edged sword. Rest in bed in untutored hands can be as dangerous and deadly as the worst of poisons; it should never be prescribed by a person whose medical education is made up of conjecture and half-truth, and it is doubtful whether the natural hygienist's training provides him with any better understanding of the virtues or dangers of rest than it does with the dosages and actions of medicines.

"Rest," says Dr. Logan Clendening, "is the most effective therapeutic measure at our command." This is as true today as it was a decade or so ago when Dr. Clendening first wrote it, but it is also true that prolonged rest can be deadly. When a patient's body or legs are immobilized, the blood circulation slows down and clots form within the veins. These clots may be hardly perceptible to the untrained eye. As a matter of fact, a slight rise in temperature may be the first clue that something is terribly wrong. Thrombophlebitis [in-

flammation and clotting in the veins] and hypostatic pneumonia are two of the major evils that may develop in patients put to bed without medical supervision. Rest, let me repeat, can be as harmful as the deadliest of drugs.

As for food and fasting, the natural hygienist creates imaginary premises which do not have validity in physiological fact. It is amusing, for example, to find natural hygienists citing the works of William Beaumont, who was a young surgeon at the time he made his brilliant investigations; but that was over one hundred years ago, and since then medical science has continued to investigate the physiology of gastric secretion, and has enlarged and extended upon Beaumont's original viewpoints. A century of experience has demonstrated that not all of his observations were absolutely accurate. For example, he failed to observe that gastric secretion may occur in the absence of food. Fasting does not stop completely the secretion of digestive juices by the stomach. It seems rather incongruous that the natural hygienists have ignored the work of the other great physiologists who followed Beaumont — Pavlov, Ivy, Wolf and Wolff. They seem to pick only those physiological facts which appear to support their preconceived theories.

American medicine in the last decade has scientifically studied fast-

ing, undernutrition and starvation; it has acquired more facts on this subject than have accumulated in one hundred years of naturopathoid guesswork. At the Laboratory of Physiological Hygiene of the University of Minnesota, intensive investigations of undernutrition have been conducted, and much of the data has recently been published in a book titled *The Biology of Human Starvation*. In the Minnesota experiment, a group of highly trained scientists and physicians made detailed studies of 32 young men who underwent various periods of starvation and fasting. It was found that during these periods the heart action slows, the metabolism quiets down, blood pressure becomes lower and weakness develops. As the fast is continued, the sense of hunger quickly disappears. (Complete fasting differs from chronic undernutrition — with the latter, the sense of hunger progressively increases until it occupies a major part of the consciousness.) Most important, from a psychological standpoint, is the fact that in sedentary persons fasting is accompanied by a state of euphoria, excitement and a sense of well-being. Careful studies on the blood of fasting subjects reveal practically no change in red or white blood cells. But as far as the helpful rôle of fasting is concerned, in clearing toxic substances from the blood stream, one may

stamp it indelibly as a myth. Within a few days of fasting, the Minnesota scientists observed, a state of acidosis or ketosis develops in the body. If the patient is ill and has a high fever, it is likely that such acidosis is already present. Fasting serves only to aggravate the condition immeasurably. Such are the physiological facts behind the subject of fasting as a therapeutic device. The physician looks askance at the practice, and recommends it only in the rare and exceptional situation.

In many areas of the world, fasting is a catastrophe conferred upon large segments of population through no choice of their own, and then it acquires the more dreadful term — starvation. The famines of Asia and Europe have enervated the populations of those countries far more than all the white sugar, alcohol and tobacco in our own society. Even in the United States undernutrition is no rarity. As Dr. Ancel Keys recently pointed out, "There are recluses, invalids, children and aged persons who are unable or unwilling to disclose their want and who may be missed by the proper governmental or charitable organizations. Probably far more numerous are the persons who are generally undernourished because of the presence of disease." Fasting does not help these people; it is a treatment suitable for the obese, and

even with them it must never be the haphazard procedure suggested by the naturopathoids.

There are other reasons, borne out by time and experience, for condemning fasting in specific instances. If one could completely stop the flow of digestive juices by fasting, then perhaps this method of treatment might be suitable for peptic ulcer patients. But stomach acidity often rises to its greatest heights long after the ulcerated patient has gone to sleep and the stomach has emptied itself of food. If the patient awakens in the early morning hours with a gnawing pain in his mid-abdomen, a glass of milk, a cracker or a small antacid tablet can bring more relief and comfort than any régime of fasting proposed by natural hygienists. In the long history of medical science, doctors have at one time or another been all through this fasting business. Patients were sicker, the disease was more protracted, and more complications occurred when fasting was recommended as a form of treatment. In 1915 Dr. B. W. Sippy of Chicago broke loose from the older methods of starving patients for peptic ulcer and established what is now known as the "Sippy Regimen," which consists, basically, of frequent feedings and neutralization of gastric acidity. Because of its proven effectiveness, the Sippy treatment has almost

completely supplanted all the older methods. Natural hygiene is at least one generation behind the times.

Until about fifteen years ago, doctors treated critical hemorrhages from peptic ulcers by withholding food and giving the patient intravenous fluids to prevent complete collapse. With this type of treatment, 10 to 20 per cent of the patients died, and surgical treatment carried an even higher mortality rate. Doctors knew at that time that an empty stomach was not a rested stomach, but that it contracted more violently than ever. Then, in 1935, Dr. E. Meulengracht demonstrated conclusively that these patients were better off when their stomachs had food in them. Dr. Meulengracht treated 251 *severe* hemorrhage cases by feeding them immediately with meatballs, puréed vegetables, potatoes and similar foods. The mortality in his group of cases was only 1 per cent. Nowadays, the Meulengracht treatment, or a modification of it, is fairly standard procedure in most hospitals, in cases of bleeding peptic ulcer. Contrary to naturopathoid doctrine, most of the patients who are fasted and given no blood transfusions will die, and those who are fed will live. The same is true of patients with typhoid fever, tuberculosis and other infectious diseases. Thousands of cases could be cited to prove these facts.

III

In the argument for natural hygiene presented by Shelton and Gould, one finds many amusing illustrations of specious reasoning, usually based on unfounded assumptions. The concept that disease is a "remedial process," for instance, might lead one to conclude that to be truly healthy one must be ill at all times. Again, like the mythical God, Janus, the naturopathoid seems to speak from two mouths at one time. With one mouth he lists a multitude of specific diseases by name and claims cures for these diseases; with his second mouth, he shouts that specific diseases are "delusions." As a matter of fact, the greatest amount of medical progress has been made by critical evaluation of various conditions that seemed to resemble each other but were, in reality, due to different causes. At one time all pustular eruptions of the skin were referred to loosely as the "pox." Would anyone say, today, that smallpox, chicken pox and the sores of syphilis (great pox) all carry the same significance and should be treated the same way? Through the aid of careful classification of various diseases, we have been able to devise specific forms of therapy and prophylaxis. If the naturopathoids were to have their way, cases of fever due to typhoid, influenza, pneumonia,

meningitis and perhaps even leprosy would all be treated by putting the victims in a large, airy bed, on a diet of vegetables and water.

There are only a few more points that deserve comment. Shelton and Gould mention the Allen era in the treatment of diabetes by fasting. Here are the statistical facts. Prior to 1920 the mortality from diabetic coma was 100 per cent. Under the program of restricting diet as advocated by Dr. F. M. Allen, deaths from diabetic coma dropped to 40 per cent. Today, death from diabetic coma is a rarity, accounting for about 1 per cent. The reason for this low mortality lies not in the continuation of a starvation diet for diabetics, but in one word — *insulin*. Since there are no oral forms of insulin and since insulin must be administered through a hypodermic syringe, it fails to conform to the tenets of the naturopathoid, and he therefore rejects it. Even with his own figures, the best that the natural hygienist can get is a 40 per cent mortality rate, and it is questionable as to whether even the best-arranged diet is that good. The average layman with his insulin syringe can keep his chances of dying down to 1 per cent or better.

The same is true of infantile diarrhea. Infants hardly ever die of diarrhea nowadays, not because of the monotonous fasting program sug-

gested by the natural hygienist, but because bacteriologists have determined what organisms or germs are likely to cause diarrhea, and know how they can be kept out of the nursery. Physiological chemistry has determined what fluids or salts are lacking in the child with diarrhea, and these fluids and salts can be skillfully and precisely replaced with intravenous feedings. Furthermore, the great pharmaceutical manufacturing companies, whom the naturopathoids also despise, have made available such antibiotics as chloromycetin and aureomycin, which stop most cases of infantile diarrhea after the administration of a few capsules. When Shelton and Gould talk about forced feedings and the use of astringents, it is simply a reflection of how sadly and how far they are behind the times.

Cultists of various sorts are apt to quote Drs. Osler and Cabot on their criticism of the medical profession. These great doctors, like great men in other fields, often engaged in a process of self-scrutiny and self-criticism, in order to find ways to improve themselves as physicians. Unfortunately, this type of self-criticism is lacking in the cultist. He possesses but one *creed*, and no amount of evidence to the contrary will convince him that he may be in error. Where self-scrutiny is not in evidence, the patient had better beware!

EMBEZZLING DOESN'T PAY

BY LAFE LOCKE

SINCE the pioneer spirit is the proud topic of many a treatise on business methods, it is little wonder that the cardinal virtues of diligence and hard work are extolled by those who tell us how to gain financial prominence. A man with his nose to the grindstone, it would seem, is assured a modicum of prosperity. While not disputing the truth of this philosophy, it should be pointed out that in recent years at least one troublesome phase of business has led employers to look with jaundiced eye upon a man who applies himself too diligently to his job. All too frequently suspicions of an over-industrious employee are justified. The answer is: Embezzlement.

Take the recent case of the dignified assistant treasurer of a drugstore chain. For years he had forfeited his vacations or carefully arranged their dates. But then he had the misfortune of being ill just when auditors were checking his books. They found the employees' profit-sharing fund short 50 shares. When accused of the short-

age, the assistant treasurer also confessed the embezzlement of approximately \$100,000 over a ten-year period. Another man, employed by the same company for eleven years, had refused vacations for the last nine of them, claiming that his work was his recreation. Auditors found a \$9000 shortage in his accounts while he was on a business trip.

These two men are typical of thousands of supposedly "trusted employees" who bilk American businesses out of hundreds of millions every year by juggling books, forging company checks or just plain tapping the till for a needed five spot. Many of them dare not take vacations lest their souped-up accounts be discovered and their peculations revealed. Fearing detection, they work harder than ever before, thus tipping themselves off. The grindstones become millstones around their necks.

Embezzlement is such big business that estimates of the annual take reaped from the inner pockets of American employers range up to a

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staggering \$750 million. The lowest estimate is \$130 million, but experts engaged in study of embezzlement losses settle on \$400 million as the most nearly correct annual figure. Of this amount, little more than 10 per cent is covered by fidelity insurance and immediately recoverable. A small portion is returned by the guilty persons when they confess or are apprehended, but the bulk of the losses are just so much money down the drain. Few embezzlers ever have any of their ill-gotten cash left when they are finally discovered.

One reason for this is that most speculations are in small amounts. Though they eventually amount up to sizable totals, they disappear in a sort of spend-as-you-go system. On the other hand, there are a few big operators like the woman who lavished \$16,000 in gifts on her friends and the Midwestern banker who came near wiping out the key industries of a small community in a single unsuccessful stock market plunge involving \$70,000 in embezzled funds.

Here was a man who had started his career as a bank clerk and later rose to become president of the bank. Aggressive and brilliant, he pioneered a creamery, an oil company, lumber and milling companies, and he became treasurer of each of them. He was held in such high esteem that townspeople elected him village treas-

urer, treasurer of the school district and state treasurer of his fraternal organization. But this local lion had spread his investments too far, some of them into low-profit farm lands. When losses began eating into his personal funds, he, like many others, turned to the stock market for a "quick killing." After two unsuccessful attempts, which only served to increase his financial distress, he took all the available funds from the numerous sources at his command and socked them into a marginal deal on the market. When this, too, failed, he went to the bank commissioner and confessed. His bank closed immediately, the business life of the community was almost swept away, and the banker went to prison.

What made this man steal? Gambling, for one thing, since speculation by the uninitiated is a form of gambling. Extravagant living standards were another factor, because financial embarrassment in his personal funds led to his first market attempt. Such factors rank one and two, respectively, on a list of reasons for embezzlement worked out in a recent study by the Chicago Crime Commission.

II

The Commission had polled the leading surety companies of the country which write fidelity bonds, asking them to rank in order of importance

those factors which appear to cause employees to steal from their employers. The replies, based on the experience of hundreds of thousands of case histories in every state and Canada, revealed the factors most frequently present in embezzlement: gambling, extravagant living standards, unusual family expenses, undesirable associates and, lastly, inadequate income. Two or more factors figure in many cases.

Some surety companies estimated that gambling was responsible for 75 per cent of their fidelity losses, the lowest estimate being 30 per cent. One firm, which reviewed 100,000 case histories, reported extravagant living standards as the Number One reason for embezzlement, but pointed out that gambling was more frequent in losses of \$5000 and over than in smaller losses. Another firm reported that gambling was more frequently involved in large peculations today than ten years ago.

Though all types of gambling have figured in embezzlement, horse-race betting has been by far the outstanding one. Betting on the ponies has increased noticeably in the past few years, both at tracks and through handbooks. Embezzlers who lose somebody else's money on the horses have increased in like proportion. One embezzling employee, referred to by the Commission as a "super

sucker," placed bets through handbooks at as many as sixteen tracks in a day. A woman embezzler in a Chicago building and loan office told police she lost \$60,000 at the tracks.

Some surety companies believe that gambling itself is not the primary cause of the embezzlement. Many times the employee may need money for other reasons, as in the case of the Midwestern banker, and will turn to the horses, dice, cards or other get-rich-quick devices in search of ready cash. When this fails, he embezzles company money to recoup, loses again and his crime keeps snowballing. As he gets in deeper, reckless betting decreases his chance of winning. Prison, disgrace — even suicide — are almost inevitable.

Inquiry into the causes of defalcations has determined that many embezzlers are living beyond their means, either from extravagance or from careless management of their personal affairs. They steal to maintain this mode of living or to "keep up with the Joneses." High living standards established during the war are partly responsible. David Q. Cohen, surety manager of the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, an organization of companies which handle most of the fidelity insurance in this country, believes that the fat take-home pay envelopes

and the lush opportunities of overtime pay during the war led many persons into unprecedented styles of living which they are now reluctant to abandon. White collar workers were especially hard hit — and they are the employees with the best opportunities to embezzle. Today, with their salaries the same or even pared down in the face of rising prices, they are caught in a financial squeeze which has resulted in and will continue to abet a rising tide of embezzlement.

Mr. Cohen's belief is backed by other insurance and crime experts, who maintain that defalcations accumulate during and immediately following profitable periods, and are discovered during times of recession. Thus, the good experience of the war years may be turning sour, if the numerous discoveries of large internal thefts in 1949 are an accurate barometer. The Federal Bureau of Investigation reported 9312 arrests for embezzlement and fraud in 1945, the last war year, and a jump to 12,787 in 1946. The trend was still upward in 1947, and by 1949 it had hit the all-time high of 22,245 arrests.

Third on the Chicago Crime Commission's list, and by far the most pathetic cases of embezzlement, are those involving unusual family expense. Sudden illness or death of a family member, need for a major operation, collapse of a brother's or

son's business, a huge bill for accident liability are not unusual reasons given by embezzlers. Some such cases have been reported recently, but one of the most pitiable examples occurred in the early 1930's.

A teller went to the president of his bank for a loan to pay for a serious operation for his wife. The teller's salary was \$30 a week, but he had managed to keep his wife and two children clothed and properly fed on that amount. The bank president refused to grant the loan on the grounds that a man in the teller's position should know the value of money and should have made arrangements for such emergencies. In desperation the teller "borrowed" \$1000 by juggling dormant savings accounts. He had no intention of outright stealing, for he immediately set about returning the money bit by bit each payday.

Putting the money back in minute sums was more difficult than taking it out, so the teller determined on a try at the stock market. A friend in the investment department tipped him off to a cheap stock that was "sure to go up," and the teller "borrowed" \$7000 more from the bank to purchase the stock on margin. The inevitable happened; the stock dropped and his house of cards collapsed with it. The teller was resigned to eventual discovery, but still continued to re-

turn a little money each payday. It took five long years before bank examiners unearthed the shortage, and then only by accident. In that time the teller had been able to put back only \$1000 of the \$8000 he had embezzled.

Frequently the cause for embezzlement may be traced to undesirable associates. When a Detroit woman was charged in September 1947 with stealing \$107,000 from an express company, she said she had given the money to her husband. Investigation revealed the husband had been named in 1932 in a \$10,300 embezzlement charge by the same company. On the male side of the ledger, the "other woman" not infrequently figures in embezzlement cases. And then there are proprietors of gambling houses who have been known to gain the confidence of persons in positions of trust and to invite them into friendly games. At first the employees were allowed to win small amounts and were nursed along until ripe for the plucking. When the plucking was complete, the employees had embezzled from their firms to pay the gamblers.

In New York City a few years ago the secretary-treasurer of a union local was arrested, charged with taking \$11,842.32 in union dues over a period of eleven months. The union treasurer claimed he could not get

along on his \$1000 salary and, since he knew several bookies, had decided to take up the handbook trade himself. The catch was that his customers began to beat him regularly and he became what is probably a rarity on the American scene — a losing bookmaker. Thinking logically but incorrectly, he gave up making book and became a horse player. He lost even more at that, all the while making up his losses with embezzled union funds until he was caught.

III

The inadequate salary holds fifth place in the list of factors contributing to embezzlement. Niggardly incomes have frequently been a cause for employee dishonesty, and the element of revenge may enter the picture, as in the case of the employee who asked his manager for a raise and was refused. Thereafter he took his raise anyway, embezzling \$10 a week, no more, no less. Such employees find self-justification in their speculations on the grounds that the employer actually owes them the money they are stealing; but in most cases where the embezzler advances the defense of inadequate income, the amount taken greatly exceeds any salary he could have reasonably expected.

The famous Lady Robin Hood embezzlement of 1944, which led to the suicide of a New York leather goods

dealer, really began because of low salaries. But in this case the embezzler, an attractive, 22-year-old woman bookkeeper, was compassionately raising the salaries of other employees in the luggage store where she worked and concealing the fact from the owner. With more largess than logic, the Lady Robin Hood distributed large gifts to her fellow workers and friends. None of them suspected anything irregular in the gifts and raises.

The peculations were discovered when a wholesaler complained of a long overdue bill. The loss totaled \$40,000. On Christmas night, after his wife and daughter were in bed, the store owner wrote a note saying the thefts had ruined him and leaped to his death from his apartment window. The generous young woman who had embezzled the store's funds had made \$40 a week, but took only \$2000 for her own use. Explaining part of the balance, she said: "I just knew they [the other employees] needed more money, so I raised their salaries."

Giving another view on inadequate income as a factor in embezzlement, one surety company reported to the Chicago Crime Commission:

When economic conditions are bad, fidelity losses increase in number and size. This is particularly true among the so-called white collar classes whose

income is not normally increased to meet an increase in the cost of living. This does not necessarily mean that embezzlements by this class are attributed to increased living expenses. On the contrary, most of the money embezzled is spent for other purposes, the outstanding one being gambling.

Even so, American courts have shown an increasing tendency in recent years to be lenient with embezzlers whom the courts considered underpaid. Judges have even publicly excoriated employers for their miserliness. In the case of the \$30-a-week teller who, when refused a loan, embezzled \$8000, the court severely criticized his employers because of his meager income and the bank dropped all charges. In Detroit, in July 1947, a judge refused to send an employee to jail for embezzlement, after accusing his employers of dangling large sums before him and underpaying him. The man had been an employee of a bank for fifteen years, was head of a department, and had a salary averaging \$250 a month. He had taken \$2500 by juggling service charge records. The judge suspended a year-and-a-day sentence and placed him on probation for two years. The court told the defendant:

I'm not condoning you. Stealing is stealing. It is never justified. The bank informs me you were one of its best men. You worked late hours and

appeared to have the bank's interests at heart. A man with your position has to maintain a certain standing in the community. If they expect you to wear a white shirt at work, they should pay a white shirt salary.

For your average embezzler does, indeed, wear a white shirt. One of the best-known studies of employee dishonesty points this out. A large surety company exhumed 1001 embezzlement claims from its files, selecting them at random from thousands, and carefully scrutinized them. Speaking, "if not with authority, at least with experience," the surety company gave the following word portrait:

Your typical embezzler belongs in the white collar class. He is 36 years old. He is married. He has a wife and two children. He is not psychopathic or of feeble mind, nor does he live in a neighborhood where crime is widespread. His upbringing has been good. He is not the lowest paid person in his employer's organization, nor is he the highest. His friends and very often his wife imagine that his salary is \$300 a month or more, but it is nearer \$175 a month. He has a high school education. He lives comfortably. He owns a medium-priced car. His traveling has been confined to occasional week ends and a two-week vacation in the summer. He is a good mixer. He participates in social and community affairs. He enjoys a good time. . . .

He lives in every state in the Union and in Canada, in large cities, in small cities. He is employed in every type of business. He is competent and smart. He has held his position for five and a half years. His employer regards him favorably and he has *honestly* earned the position of trust to which he has attained. In short, so far as his past record is concerned, he is a regular fellow, a normal individual with a better than average business reputation and future.

. . . Yet he becomes an embezzler.

The portrait is not entirely masculine. By plucking 1001 case histories from the files at random, the probers also came up with reports on 38 women. The 963 men had stolen \$6,127,588.48 from their employers, averaging \$6363.02 apiece. The ladies got away, at least temporarily, with \$156,918.01 for an average \$4129.42.

In many cases these embezzlements took only a few months time, while others extended over a period of years. The average for this particular group of men and women was two and a half years. A more recent study, however, reveals that the average large loss remains undiscovered for approximately three and a half years. Many such peculations are perpetrated in comparatively short periods, followed by several years during which no money is taken. During the interval the harried and graying em-

bezzlers attempt to keep their shortages covered up or try vainly to replace the money without detection. One unusual case occurred in Pennsylvania in 1947 when a new stockholder with an "I'm from Missouri" attitude unwittingly tripped up a company president who had embezzled \$220,000 of the firm's stocks and bonds. When the list of securities was read off at the annual meeting, the new stockholder wanted to see them. The president had to admit that he had secretly sold the securities fifteen years before and each year following had reported to the stockholders' meeting that they were "in the safe."

Two spectacular embezzlement losses discovered in 1946 took surprisingly short times in comparison with the amounts taken. The Mergenthaler Linotype Company case, in which a \$60-a-week cashier conspired with outsiders to bilk the company of over \$800,000, took only twelve months. "Trusted employees" of the Western Electric Company, in collusion with suppliers, embezzled approximately \$1,235,000 in a year and a half.

IV

As a yardstick to determine just how much protection a company should have against embezzlement, Mr. Cohen points out that a clever, skillful embezzler can conceal annual

peculations which will approximate 10 per cent of the cash, receivables and inventory of a business. Since the average loss can continue over three years before discovery, it is reasonable to assume that fidelity insurance should be for at least three times the amount which can be nefariously withdrawn from a business annually and should cover all employees. Bonding employees in this manner is not a preventive medicine, however. It eases the pain, but does not remove the risk. Dishonesty is as old as mankind, and no employer is able to determine in advance which persons will become dishonest.

Many criminologists maintain that the embezzler is harder to combat than the gangster, because he does not follow the familiar criminal patterns. If he were not trusted he would not have been hired, or would have been discharged before he could do much damage. To accentuate the problem, the methods by which such damage can be done are almost as multifarious as embezzlers themselves. One of the nation's leading authorities on internal thefts from banks reckons that there are at least 210 ways to make off with the stock in trade of these supposedly closely guarded institutions. They range all the way from "sampling the assets" — or petty larceny from the cash drawer, attributed to "teller's dif-

ference" at the end of the day — to complex intrigue involving fake loans, unrecorded deposits and even secret mortgages on the building itself.

Perhaps the most common method of embezzling in banks involves the juggling of dormant accounts. These inert deposits can be misappropriated over long periods of time with less chance of detection, because depositors aren't dropping in periodically and asking for balances that might embarrass the embezzler. But current deposits are almost as vulnerable to a clever manipulator. In one recent embezzlement in a Delaware bank the cashier followed a system of hiding bank records of the accounts from which he was taking money. In accepting deposits from customers, he would pocket both the money and the deposit tickets. Later, he would manipulate the bank records by posting deposits to the customers' accounts after banking hours. When the bank installed business machines that tabulated each deposit on a consolidated daily record at the time the deposit was made, the cashier quit his job. Shortly afterward, his dishonesty was discovered. A complete and meticulous record of the thefts, totaling over \$95,000, was found hidden in the bank cellar.

In one of the largest bank embezzlements on record — \$3,666,929 — the manager of the coupon depart-

ment used the bank's securities as collateral in speculation. The bank's system of audit and control was supposed to be one of the most complete in the business, yet the embezzler had defeated it for twelve years before his theft was discovered.

Sometimes a bank embezzlement involves a criminal method frequently used in commercial and manufacturing firms, the fictitious purchase of labor and materials. For example, one afternoon a bank bookkeeper was posting expenditures when he noted a payment for a particular form which the bank had not used for some time. He was pleased, because the form made his own work easier, and he determined to get a supply at once. But the custodian of supplies told him no such forms were on hand, nor were any expected. Puzzled, the bookkeeper again checked the name of the printing company on the voucher, then telephoned them to ask what had become of the order. The printers said the form had not been ordered. In fact, they hadn't had any business from the bank for some time. Unwittingly, the bookkeeper had turned up an embezzlement of approximately \$5000 caused by the comptroller. Three years before, while the bank was being remodeled, the comptroller had been given authority to draw a cash voucher, present it to a teller, take

the cash and pay the workmen. The practice was convenient and worked so well that it was continued to cover other labor and purchase of supplies. It worked well for the comptroller too, for non-existing expenditures — until he was caught.

Several standard safeguards are recommended to employers to prevent defalcations in their businesses, most of them designed to make embezzlement easier to detect. An annual vacation for every employee should be mandatory. Along with this regular period away from the office, the tasks of employees should be shifted from time to time so that no one person can become too deeply entrenched in a particular set of books. Also high on the list are exacting character investigations. Thus, habitual gamblers, persons with criminal records, associates of criminals and persons with extravagant habits can be weeded out from the start. Such careful checking into background is also done by the surety company when each employee is bonded. But the most important precaution is rigid internal control of all accounting systems, checks and cash.

Actually, it is unfair of a company to permit loose methods of book-keeping and money-handling which are a constant temptation to employees. Embezzlement is more a

matter of weakness than wickedness, so the employer has a responsibility to those in his pay to put Satan behind them. Once accounting systems are tightened up to cut the opportunity of stealing to a barest minimum, then the employee who still dishonestly circumvents the ledger sheets should expect to have the book thrown at him. For, as the Detroit judge pointed out, stealing is stealing and has no justification.

Ask the majority of embezzlers and they'll tell you their stealing had no rewards, either. The embezzler lives a life of dread, always with a feeling of the certainty of doom and the day when, his peculations revealed, he will be a disgraced man facing fine and imprisonment. Once begun, his embezzlement works beside him all day. It follows him home in the evening and crawls into bed with him at night. He can taste it in his food. It jumps at him from the pages of his newspaper. It puts an additional weight on his shoulders with each gray hair it adds to his head. He dare not leave his manipulated ledgers for a rest, though he is tired, worried and sick. If he does, he still cannot enjoy his holiday, for the sureness of his fate is there beside him. It is hard work, but he must keep at it interminably, year after year . . . or be caught. There's no easy money in embezzlement.

SENATOR McMAHON MEETS THE PRESS

Senator McMahon of Connecticut is chairman of the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, and he was also a member of the Senate subcommittee which investigated Senator McCarthy's charges of Communism in the State Department. What he has to say on the atomic question and subversive influence is therefore of general public interest. On a recent NBC telecast of Meet the Press he expressed himself in some detail about both atom bombs and Communists, and his remarks are here reprinted, slightly cut.

THE participants in the telecast, aside from Senator McMahon, were May Craig of the Portland (Me.) *Press-Herald*, Marshall McNeil of the Scripps-Howard syndicate, Ed Nellor of the Cowles publishing firm, and Lawrence E. Spivak, editor of the *MERCURY*. Martha Rountree, producer of *Meet the Press*, presided.

SPIVAK: Senator, a group of leading European statesmen the other day called upon the United States to consider the use of the atomic bomb against North Korea in order to prevent a long and costly war. What do you think of that suggestion?

McMAHON: I do not think the suggestion is a good one. I believe that the Korean war is of such a character as to rule out use of the atomic bomb.

SPIVAK: Do you think we can win a war with the atomic bomb? Do you

think the bomb can be decisive?
McMAHON: Yes, I do believe it can be decisive.

SPIVAK: Do you think we are still sufficiently ahead of the Russians in the manufacture of the atomic bomb to place the advantage on our side, or don't we know?

McMAHON: I feel that we do have a very real lead over the Russians in the atomic field. It's a lead, Mr. Spivak, I wouldn't be satisfied with, because no matter how great it is, I would only be content with the greatest pre-eminence in that field.

McNEIL: Senator, why isn't Korea a good target for the A-bomb?

McMAHON: Because, Mr. McNeil, as I see the Korean situation, you have ground troops widely dispersed. The atomic bomb is primarily a weapon to strike at the sources of power or at troops that would be so massed as to furnish a target.

McNEIL: What about dropping it on their capital? Isn't that a target to use it on?

McMAHON: No. I do not believe so. The sources of power of the North Koreans are not being generated in North Korea itself. I doubt if there are any tank factories in North Korea.

McNEIL: I think you're right. One of your reasons for opposing the bomb, I believe, is your belief it might start Russia into operation?

McMAHON: No, I just feel militarily it isn't the kind of weapon for use in this kind of an action.

McNEIL: It could kill a whale of a lot of people.

McMAHON: That's true. The Russians have been putting out a lot of propaganda about the atomic bomb, as you know. We had it growing out of the Stockholm Conference to ban the use of the atomic weapon. I believe the State Department spoke very truly the other day when it pointed out that aggression was the thing that counted and not the kind of weapons used.

McNEIL: You don't kill anybody very graciously.

McMAHON: That's right, you're just as dead if you get it with a rifle or an atomic weapon. Fire bombs are bad, too.

McNEIL: Pursuing this a minute, one of your old desires was to find out

how many atom bombs we have at this point. Have you ever fulfilled this desire?

McMAHON: The Joint Committee on Atomic Energy has not been informed as to the stockpile of atomic bombs.

McNEIL: I'm not talking about the committee. I am talking about Brien McMahon.

McMAHON: As far as Brien McMahon has been concerned, I have been so intimately associated with it I would be less than bright if I hadn't made what I think is a pretty good estimate of what our stockpiles are.

McNEIL: Have we an adequate arsenal now, in your opinion?

McMAHON: I wouldn't say our arsenal is adequate for the kind of thing that might happen some time in the future. That is why I have been saying continuously we must step up our atomic armament production. I have said that at the same time that I have been pointing out, as well as I could, the necessity for calling a great disarmament conference for the purpose of seeing to it that we stop this armament race in which we are engaged.

CRAIG: Senator, recently Senator Hickenlooper said that atomic energy commissioner Pike had dragged his feet on the development of the H-bomb. Is it true that

you would have to divert materials and laboratory personnel away from the atomic bomb in order to produce the H-bomb?

McMAHON: That's a very complicated question. It is true that if you were going to produce hydrogen weapons you would have to divert some of your personnel and some of your materials to hydrogen production, which would result in fewer atomic bombs. It is true, in my opinion, however, that by putting on extra steam and extra effort, and recruiting the extra personnel, we can maintain at least our present production of atomic weapons and on top of that, produce hydrogen weapons.

CRAIG: Was there not the question of whether, if we had to fight soon, we needed A-bombs, and after a few years perhaps the H-bomb? Was there not a decision that had to be made there?

McMAHON: There were many, many factors surrounding the decision to continue at an accelerated pace the development of the hydrogen weapon. That was announced by the President last January. I do not believe that we could go into all of those factors on this program, much as I might like to.

CRAIG: Let me ask you this. Is it not true, now that what is essentially a war has come upon us, that what

we have got to have soon is atom bombs?

McMAHON: I believe we have to emphasize our atomic production and our hydrogen production, something I don't want to do, but I think we've got to do it, and the President recognized that necessity by a request for \$262 million more for the program.

NELLOR: Do our military leaders, General Vandenberg, General Collins, and Admiral Sherman, know how many atomic bombs we have produced?

McMAHON: Yes, they do.

McNEIL: In any event, is it not likely that they won't be able even to test an H-bomb for eighteen months?

McMAHON: I suppose one of the most top-secret things that we are dealing with is the rate of progression of our hydrogen weapons. I truly believe that that rate of progress should be guarded as well as we can guard it.

McNEIL: The \$262 million the President asked for — that's for some entirely new plant, separate from anything AEC has now?

McMAHON: That's true.

McNEIL: They haven't picked a site for that, have they?

McMAHON: It's in the process of being selected.

McNEIL: Suppose we make the H-bomb. Do we now have, or is there

on the board, an airplane for the delivering of that bomb?

McMAHON: How do you know that it is going to be delivered by airplane?

McNEIL: Is there a ship that will take it, or is it deliverable?

McMAHON: Mr. McNeil, I believe first that the H-bomb is a practical proposition. I think it can be built. I don't say that on my own scientific authority, which, you know, is very, very little. I say it on the assurance of some of the scientists for whom I have a great respect. I believe that it will be built, I believe that it is practical, and I believe it can be delivered. I hope it never will be.

SPIVAK: You hope it will be built, though?

McMAHON: Yes, and the only reason I hope it will be built is because I'm convinced the Soviets are working at it and if we don't build it they would anyway, and it would be against all our traditions to be less well-armed than any other nation in the world, especially one that has said so pointedly and so many times that it intends to dominate the earth.

SPIVAK: Senator, is there any question in your mind as to who is behind all this mess? In other words, that the Russians are behind this Korean business? Is there any doubt about that in your mind?

McMAHON: If I said that there was I think you could certainly question my intelligence.

SPIVAK: Then what do you think would happen if we told the Russian rulers we either wanted an end now to this whole business, this aggression, or we would use the atomic bombs which we have, against them? We are going to have to come to a settlement, why not do it now?

McMAHON: Last February, you will remember, I made a very earnest plea for a disarmament conference at which we would suggest to the world and to the Russians that we would both lay down our arms and we would take, if they agreed to a thorough-going inspection and control system — and mind you we wouldn't do it until they did and until that control was in operation — that we would take at least two-thirds of that which we saved, and would spend it on what might be termed Point Four developments throughout the world, to see if we couldn't put some more food in hungry bellies — which are probably the greatest producers of followers of Communism. I believe that we should have done that; I hope that the day will come. I feel as Winston Churchill did when he said that he hopes and thinks that it is time for a settlement with the

Russians. He pointed out that in 1948 it was only our monopoly on atomic weapons that kept the Russians from coming to the Atlantic Coast, in his opinion. He said if they will do this without atomic bombs, if they will do this in the green wood, what will they do in the dry, meaning what will they do when they have a great stockpile of atomic weapons? That is something we have to face and that is something every citizen in the United States should be thinking about and praying about. What we want to do above all, of course, is to keep the peace.

SPIVAK: Senator, the Russian response to your grand plan was exactly nothing.

McMAHON: They never got a chance to respond to it because we never issued a call for the conference.

SPIVAK: You issued the invitation.

McMAHON: I beg your pardon. In February they released four dispatches to the *New York Times* in which they allowed they might be interested, but when the slow boat got from America over to Russia with the reaction of some of the hoodlum press in this country — which suggested that I was out to bribe the Russians, which could only be the invention of such intellectuals — why, then, of course, they adopted that line. As fre-

quently happens in this country, you will find a certain section of the press that is on all fours with the *Pravda* declarations, as we find some Senators of the United States who are seven times out of ten in line with the *Pravda* policy.

SPIVAK: You have had enough experience with the Russians to know they say one thing and do another. Now, if they meant they were at all interested in your plan, you don't think they would have taken the action they did in Korea? To come back to my original question, do you think the time has yet come for us to say to the Russian rulers, if you want a war you're going to have it now? We either have a settlement now or we are going to use the bomb. Is that what you meant by that talk you gave?

McMAHON: No, I think there are some things that we can do to avoid that dire contingency. I believe that one of the things that we can do is to immediately adopt the President's suggestion for the \$89 million addition to the Voice of America. I think that we can start a program now to rally the free peoples of the world to our side by making known the truth, and above all we must make Herculean efforts to get the truth behind the Iron Curtain. It is a very difficult thing to do, but the stakes

are so high that it warrants our best efforts and our greatest ingenuity, because if we can take the Russian people away from the Kremlin we can avoid the terrible decision that you have outlined.

NELLOR: In this H-bomb report the AEC put out a couple of days ago you report that it takes an A-bomb to trigger an H-bomb. What was the point in releasing that information? Isn't it possible it would be beneficial to the enemy or some other nation?

MCMAHON: Not at all, that has been declassified information because it has been known to the scientists of the whole world. As a matter of fact, before that report was released it was cleared with the AEC, it was cleared with the State Department, cleared with the Military Liaison Committee. That brings up a subject that I'd like to comment on, Mr. Nellor. There's no use in kidding ourselves and kidding the American people by pretending to hide something that everybody else knows, so the answer to that is definitely no.

NELLOR: How did the Soviet Union get so much information on our atomic bomb?

MCMAHON: I suppose they got it in a number of ways. First, they had very good scientists themselves, exceedingly good. For instance, they

invented artificial rubber out of alcohol. That's just one of their achievements. In some branches of pure science they have been ahead of us. Second, they probably got great help from the German scientists they took over after the war ended; and third, there undoubtedly was espionage. The Fuchs case undoubtedly was a factor. Fuchs, as you know, came into our project under the Manhattan district, not under the Atomic Energy Commission; the district was then under the direction of General Leslie Groves.

MCNEIL: You know about something in addition to the bomb. I want to ask you about that. When are we going to get the majority whitewash report on the *Amerasia* case?

MCMAHON: I don't think you will ever get it. I don't know what you are talking about, and I think that is a very cynical statement for you to make.

MCNEIL: Did you call Tom Clark in that hearing?

MCMAHON: No.

MCNEIL: Did you call the judge who heard that case quietly on a Saturday afternoon?

MCMAHON: You know we didn't call him. You know we didn't call him because in our opinion it wasn't necessary to call him.

CRAIG: Do you believe you made a

thorough and comprehensive investigation as directed by the Senate?

McMAHON: I certainly think we did. At least I took part in doing what I could to make it an intensive one. I went through the whole 81 files, every one.

CRAIG: On that point, Senator McCarthy says you never even got 81. There were eleven not there. Is that wrong?

McMAHON: We got the file of every single person that was named by Senator McCarthy in his charges.

NELLOR: Philip Jessup?

McMAHON: We got every file of the 81 mentioned in his charges.

CRAIG: And Senator McCarthy is not correct when he says eleven were not gotten by you?

McMAHON: I don't intend to comment on any charge made by Senator McCarthy. I have signed a report and I stand by it.

CRAIG: May I ask if you had to rewrite the report in view of the recent charges that the files have been rifled?

McMAHON: No, because that was not true.

CRAIG: Have you investigated the statements of the four people who said they participated in the rifling of the files? If you have not investi-

gated them, how do you know they're not true?

McMAHON: We know that the FBI reports, every one of them, on the people who were investigated, were in the file.

CRAIG: Did not the FBI write a letter to Senator McCarthy saying they had not examined the files as claimed by your chairman?

McMAHON: What was the date of that letter?

CRAIG: I don't remember the date.

McMAHON: The reports that were furnished by the FBI on those people are in the files at the State Department and were examined by us. That's a blunt statement of fact.

CRAIG: Do you intend to close the hearings without ascertaining the truth of the statements from the four people who assert they rifled the files?

McMAHON: We have investigated the situation. We know what these clerks who signed these purported statements or affidavits were talking about. The main point at issue is, are the files, or were the files, when we examined them, complete — and I say to you, and I say to our audience, that every single FBI report is in the file where it belongs and was examined by me.

ROUNTREE: I'm sorry. Our time is up.

THE MAD POLE OF THE CIVIL WAR

BY ALBERT PARRY

HE WAS, some said, the only man Abraham Lincoln feared as a possible assassin. On his dismissal from a minor post in the State Department, he was sued by the United States for libel — and the United States lost. He was thought, unjustly, to be a Russian spy, but he did cheer for Russia, although he was twice a fugitive from the Tsar's wrath. His appearance was eccentric, his manners queer. In Lincoln's Washington he was considered one of the most remarkable personalities of the time. When someone once called him "an emanation of the devil," another capped it with: "Why, he is the devil himself!" He gave political advice to Lincoln, Stanton and Sumner. He offered military instruction to Grant, McClellan, Hooker, and anyone else whose army-coat lapel he could tug. Walt Whitman relished "his great keenness, his splendid intellect." There is no book about him, outside of one able but unpublished Ph.D. dissertation, but he left a dozen tomes and pamphlets, in-

cluding a three-volume diary of the 1860's which in recent years has increasingly been drawn upon by Civil War scholars.

He was Count Adam Gurowski, a Pole. Born in 1805, he came to America late in 1849, and died here in 1866. Had this gadfly lived in our time he would doubtless have been a topnotch Washington columnist of venomous daring, but with a difference. Not only did he know and generally despise the great, he was almost one of them himself, barely missing his own niche of fame. He never used a keyhole. He didn't need to: he simply walked in, sat at other men's desks, openly rummaged through their papers, impatiently broke into statesmen's conferences — as if it were his due.

He claimed kinship with French Bourbons through his ancestors, with the Spanish through his brother Ignatius, who eloped with an Infanta, a close relation of Queen Isabella II. A widower at 27, he himself never re-

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married. Radical politics was his life-long love, and he proudly cherished a contemporary's description of him as a wet nurse of revolutions. In the Polish uprising of 1830-31 he was almost the only nobleman who tried to broaden the revolt by freeing his serfs and giving them land so as to rally them around the anti-Russian gentry. No wonder the Tsar sentenced him to death.

Count Adam escaped in time. But as he fumed in his Parisian exile, hobnobbing with the aged Lafayette and other notables, he quickly realized that Poland's cause was lost. Some twenty years later, in his *Russia as It Is*, published in New York, he explained that by 1835 he had perceived that Poland was devoid "of any centralizing idea, of any organized and directing power," whereas "Russia's growth was the result of the existence of such an influence." So he switched sides.

He wrote and published a passionate treatise on Russia as the genius of Pan-Slavism. His fellow Poles were aghast, but the Tsar was pleased. Pardoned, the count journeyed to St. Petersburg to accept a job in the government, to gossip and scheme at the court, while advising the Tsar's ministers on the best ways to Russify his beloved Poland. Then all went wrong. In 1844, as the result of an obscure intrigue, he fled to Prussia. Yet Rus-

sia was not content to be rid of him. Tsar Nicholas I demanded of King Frederick William IV the count's extradition. "Count Arnim, the Prussian minister of the interior, was willing to give me up," Gurowski reminisced in a New York pamphlet in 1854. "The King, however, generously refused to do so." This was indeed daring of the King, who usually trembled before the Tsar.

Nonetheless the King advised Gurowski to leave Prussia. The count moved on to Heidelberg and Munich, to read history; to Berne, to teach political economy at its university; to Naples, for a winter of watching a revolution hatch; and, finally, to Paris again. As the fires of '48 died, he sent to a Frankfort newspaper his letter of farewell to Europe. He was sailing for the "humane soil" of America, he wrote, never to return to the Old World and its persecutions.

II

He landed in New York in November 1849. Late next year, with letters of introduction, he came to Boston to seek a Harvard professorship. Edward Everett, who had just retired from the presidency of Harvard, invited some twenty or thirty friends to his house to hear the count's six lectures on Roman law.

Despite Gurowski's unmistakable erudition, the series was a failure,

leading to no chair. His English vocabulary, though wide, had all been learned from books; his listeners were mystified by such mispronunciations as *slopes* for *slopes*. "Few persons could understand him at first," wrote one of the audience, "except those of quick apprehension and some knowledge of the French and German idioms which he habitually used." The choice of his subject was also unfortunate. "Few Americans care anything for Roman law . . . nor do I see why they should. . . ."

In that Boston interlude of 1850-51, Gurowski's appearance was as outlandish as his speech or topic. He was, to quote from a description by an American friend,

of middle size, with a large head and big belly, and was partly wrapped in a huge and queerly-cut cloak of German material and make. . . . He wore a high, bell-shaped, broad-brimmed hat, from which depended a long, sky-blue veil. . . . His waistcoat was of bright red flannel, and as it reached to his hips and covered nearly the whole of his capacious front, it formed a startlingly conspicuous portion of his attire. In addition to the veil, his eyes were protected by enormous blue goggles, with glasses on the side as well as in front.

The veil and the goggles were to shield an eye lost at the age of ten, when Gurowski fell on an open pen-

knife, and not in a duel in his later years, as rumor had it. But he did like duels. Once he challenged a Harvard professor to swords or pistols in order to settle their argument on Hungarian history, and was amazed when the professor declined.

Gurowski's debating manners were unorthodox in other ways, too. One evening it took him two hours to dress as, his drawers in one hand, and the offer of a cigar to a visiting friend in the other, he marched up and down his Boston lodgings in the nude, arguing medieval history with his embarrassed Yankee guest. Amid the argument a knock sounded, and Gurowski roared, "Come in!" A housemaid entered but fled in horror.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow at first liked the count's pleasant smile and intelligent talk, but soon rued the day he had met him. Invited to dinner, Gurowski proved a squatter: he stayed all afternoon, through tea, and till eleven o'clock that night. "We all feel as if a huge garden-roller had gone over us," Longfellow wrote in his diary. "He has a fifty-ogre power of devouring time." The Pole returned the next morning, leaving a note signed "The homeless G." He called again and again, invading Longfellow's hours of solitude and work, so that in his diary the poet wailed that the situation was growing serious: "What will become of me?"

Suddenly Gurowski disappeared, and, when his Boston friends cornered him, he was dirty and fatigued, with blisters on his hands. He told them that since the last of his money was gone, he had had to "turn himself into an Irishman and work for his living," digging with a spade at a dollar a day. Alarmed, Longfellow and others found him an assignment from the *Boston Museum* to write weekly articles on the courts and politics of Europe, at \$10 each. The count was most grateful.

Though his English style was still atrocious and had to be corrected before going to press, he was presently tackling American life and politics as well. His first memorable sally was against Daniel Webster's support of the Fugitive Slave Law. "What do I care for Mr. Webster?" he thundered. "I can read the Constitution as well as Mr. Webster." Beacon Street was horrified. Back Bay was speechless when Gurowski described Webster as a humbug and an ass who should be hanged for defending slavery.

In June 1851, he went to Newport to watch American society at close range, moving thence to New York, where he was soon an editorial writer for the *Tribune*. "It is the most delightful position," he beamed at a Cambridge acquaintance in a chance meeting on Broadway. "I can abuse

everybody in the world except Greeley, Ripley, and Dana."

In no time at all he filled even that gap: he was denouncing Horace Greeley, and he was barking at George Ripley and Charles A. Dana, who were his bosses on the *New American Cyclopaedia*, for which, throughout the 1850s, Gurowski wrote dozens of articles on biography and the history of the ancient and modern world.

His services were in demand (even if they were poorly paid) beginning with 1854, the year of the Crimean War, when Russia was much in the news. Few knew Russia as he did. In *Russia as It Is* he aptly wrote of the dynamic undercurrent in the nature of the Russian people:

The Russian autocracy shrewdly works out and avails itself of this intensity of feeling and its convictions, in order to maintain and strengthen its unnatural power. By extending the frontiers of the Empire — by conquering other countries, or, as now, pressing upon Europe by a certain moral hallucination, and becoming a true arbiter of her destinies — that autocracy gives nourishment and satisfaction to the unbounded national pride, quenches, for a time, the countless internal dissatisfactions — gives them no time and no breath to concentrate together.

He applauded Russia nonetheless. To him, Russia was a lesser evil than

Turkey. As LeRoy H. Fischer, the author of the unpublished doctoral thesis on Gurowski, rightly remarks, the Pole's articles in the *Tribune* and other writings helped greatly to mold American public opinion in support of Nicholas I and his fight against Turkey and England. Cleverly, Gurowski bracketed the slave markets of Constantinople with those of New Orleans.

On the issue of American slavery he was uncompromising from the start. He spoke from experience, for he had traveled in the South for the *Tribune*. On a December evening in 1860, while at his reading in New York's Athenaeum Club, he was attracted by a political argument raging in the next room. He joined the circle, but said nothing until a South Carolinian appealed to him:

"Count, you have been in the South, let us have your opinion. You at least ought to be impartial."

Gurowski obliged. "I have been a great deal in the South as well as in the North, and know both sections equally well, and I tell you, gentlemen, that there is more intelligence, more refinement, more cultivation, more virtue, and more good manners in one New England village than in all the South together."

The debate broke up in an uproar.

Soon thereafter, in January 1861, sensing the advent of the great drama,

he departed for Washington — to play his part as one of the most curious actors on that historic stage.

III

He had met Lincoln in New York after the famous Cooper Institute speech and was shocked to find Lincoln was not a Radical. Gurowski himself had wit but no humor, and Lincoln's slow, dry humor puzzled, then angered him. "Davis is making history, and Lincoln is telling stories," Gurowski wrote in his diary in January 1862. And to make matters worse for this Polish puritan, the two stories he once heard from Lincoln's lips were "not very washed." Even before Fort Sumter, he held that Lincoln should be quick and grim, should smash and hack at the enemy. Gurowski shrilled all over Washington about plots of the Southerners to seize the Union while Northerners temporized. "So much intelligence in his madness!" sighed a fellow Radical from New York.

Remembering his European years, Gurowski felt that the movements of 1831 and 1848 had failed precisely because the virtuous were not swift and drastic enough, while the wicked were both fast and ruthless. It was high time for the righteous to act with a will. A fortnight after Fort Sumter he wished for a Union catastrophe so huge that it would waken the North

to arming Negroes. A year later he proposed to form a colored regiment, with himself at its head, so as to whip the "FFV's" — the First Families of Virginia — and thus end the war. In January 1863, he returned to the idea on a grander scale: he urged Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, to form brigades and divisions of Negroes which, "introduced rapidly and simultaneously on all fronts, would shake Secessia to its foundations." Should there not be enough rifles, Negroes could be armed with scythes, as Kosciuszko armed his peasants in 1794. This terrible host would neither take prisoners nor itself surrender alive. A true war to the death would bring the North its victory in a hurry.

Instead there was humiliation from the start. In April 1861, Washington lay undefended, and Cassius Marcellus Clay, an ebullient Kentuckian on his way to Europe as Lincoln's new minister in St. Petersburg, stopped off on the Potomac to collect clerks, office-seekers and other sundry Republicans into a battalion to defend the Union's capital. Gurowski was among this hastily armed miscellany, patrolling and drilling till more efficient troops were rushed in from Massachusetts and New York. Clay's men were discharged, each receiving a handsome certificate of thanks from the Secretary of War. Gurowski sneeringly declined his copy, since

there had been no battle, only tramping on streets and sleeping on hard floors. In May he had nothing but contempt for Lincoln's first warlord, the gouty Winfield Scott. Gurowski called on his friend Senator Sumner to find an inventive Bostonian who would fashion "a wheelbarrow in which Scott could take the field in person."

He fulminated at Scott, Lincoln, and William H. Seward for their inactivity when their slogan should have been "On to Richmond!" As ever, there was some sense in what he said, but as usual he said it most offensively, in choice billingsgate. Scott, at Seward's prompting, sent a colonel to warn Gurowski: "Tell the Count that his movements and words have been well noted, and that a repetition of some of his incendiary propositions, made in supposed privacy, will place him where such conduct should place him."

But it was Scott, not Gurowski, who had to step down from the stage. And it was Seward who, much to his amazement, was asked by Charles Sumner to provide a job for the Pole in his own Department. "God damn you!" the Secretary of State shouted at the Senator. "Don't you know he is always abusing me?" But Sumner was not to be thwarted. On June 4, 1861, Gurowski got the job. To a

Boston friend the count explained his new duties: "To read the German newspapers and keep Seward from making a fool of himself." The first, he added, was easy; the second, "rather difficult."

Gurowski vilified Seward because he felt the Secretary was conciliatory toward the South, and because he lacked finesse in dealing with European diplomats and governments. He, the count, who knew Europe's higher spheres, knew that Europe was laughing at Seward. He tried to advise Seward, but really it was useless. So said Gurowski, loudly. His fellow Radical Republicans applauded. He was their agent in the foe's camp, spying on Seward, helping them to checkmate him wherever possible.

With other Radicals, Gurowski discussed and influenced cabinet appointments. Stanton, practically the only cabinet member approved by the count, gave army commissions to men recommended by the Pole and investigated officers denounced by him. Before, during, and after his term with the State Department, Gurowski buttonholed other members of Lincoln's cabinet with his fervent advice. He sat in on important meetings of the inner circle, whether or not invited.

When "Fighting Joe" Hooker was wounded, the count called on him at the hospital to discuss staff organiza-

tion. When Hooker was appointed to head the Army of the Potomac, he translated and sent to him through Stanton pages from a German military book. He wrote frequent memoranda to Lincoln; he encouraged the bashful Grant.

But his favorite was Sumner who, despite everything, was fond of the Pole. They had met in Boston in 1850-51, and corresponded after Sumner had moved to Washington, Gurowski constantly reminding his friend to do this or not to do that. Sumner once found him in the New York slums, ill and almost destitute, and provided proper care for him. Gurowski had influence with Sumner, while Sumner humored Gurowski. But gradually the Pole overdid it with Sumner in Washington, just as he had superimposed himself on Longfellow in Boston. Sumner was slowly losing his patience.

One day in 1862, when Gurowski raged about the stupidity of McClellan, running meantime around Sumner's great chair, and finally, in a paroxysm of anger, rushing out of Sumner's rooms, his host rather bitingly compared the count to a whale at Barnum's, "going round and round in its narrow tank, blowing with all its might whenever it came to the surface." Later Sumner complained about Gurowski: "When I left my sleeping chamber in the morning, I

often found him in my study, seated at my table, perusing my morning paper and probably any other matter which might excite his curiosity." He remained at Sumner's side as the Senator received visitors, foreign and domestic. "That old beast," wrote Henry Adams of Gurowski as the Pole marred the privacy of his talk with Sumner.

The break came as the count and the Senator drifted steadily apart in their politics, the Pole yelling for extreme measures and the Yankee toning down his own radicalism. One morning Gurowski came back to Sumner's place after having stayed with him till a late hour the night before. According to one account, the count let loose a torrent of abuse at something or somebody. The Senator snapped. He arose, walked to the door, opened it, and said: "Go!" Astonished, Gurowski asked for an explanation. "There is no explanation," Sumner replied, "only you must not come to my room again." Gurowski offered his apologies. "Go!" the Senator repeated. The count went, never to return.

IV

His undoing at the State Department came when he brought to the Department's binder the manuscript of his diary, with strict orders to bind it without showing it to anyone. A

glimpse at the pages was enough to send the binder to Gurowski's superiors with all possible dispatch. Shortly afterward, the diary was returned to Gurowski, his salary was paid to date, and on September 18, 1862, Frederick Seward, the Secretary's son and assistant, wrote to him, sending copies of the letter to the newspapers: "I am directed to inform you that your services in this department will not be required after this date." Less than three months later, Lee & Shepard of Boston brought out the diary in book form.

"One prolonged growl from beginning to end," as a *Washingtonian* defined it, the book "left the reader in despair at the prospects of a nation governed by such a set of imbeciles and rogues as our public men were represented to be by the amiable Pole." The press at once picked up the sensation, the comment ranging from the *New York Herald's* calling Gurowski a semi-civilized savage to the *Tribune's* trumpeting in its ad columns, "Gurowski Tells the Whole Story!" Other Radical journals lauded the count for his valiant patriotism as a new American citizen in exposing the sins of the Government.

In deciding to sue Gurowski for libel, the Government merely added to the publicity of the book and the martyrdom of its author, both of

which Gurowski enjoyed immensely. The case limped on from December 1862 till October 1863 when, having been adroitly instructed by a Radical judge, the jury found Gurowski not guilty. The Radicals were triumphant, Gurowski above all. Freedom of the press had been sustained, and they were for this freedom, Gurowski above all—he who, in May 1862, wanted to shoot as “a mad dog” a Boston editor who attacked his friend Stanton; he who, in the fall of 1863, drew a revolver on the *Tribune's* manager in Washington; he who, in April 1864, advised Grant to exclude all newspapermen from his army, so as not to “confuse public opinion.”

Encouraged by the stir made by the book and the suit, and as ever short of funds, the count published two more volumes of his diary, Volume II appearing in February 1864, and Volume III in April 1866. No lesser a light than John Stuart Mill had been sent the manuscript of the third volume before publication, and he wrote back to his dear old friend, Count Adam, in praise of all three volumes. The second and third volumes are now, however, considered less valuable to the student of the Civil War than the first, which does indeed contain some confidential data gleaned by Gurowski while at the State Department. Today all three, but especially the last, are collector's items.

Although no more an employee of Seward's or a friend of Sumner's, the count persisted as a self-appointed peer of many other celebrities. Stanton remained his unshakable pillar. Even though the President's marshal of the District of Columbia said, and others echoed, that Lincoln feared a physical attack from Gurowski, actually the latter wanted Lincoln's resignation, not death, nor any injury. In Gurowski's eyes, Lincoln was a dullard, but not a menace to the Radical cause, for, while not leading the people, Lincoln did allow himself to be pushed by the people.

The Pole viewed himself as one of the prime pushers in the people's behalf. He continued to run around Washington, gathering and dispensing news and (mostly) opinions, selling some to public prints, but in the main supported by the bounty of his friends, with one of whom he lived as a house guest. By the war's end his entire resources were \$25. Even in his appearance he had not changed: short and fat and ugly, and wearing his blue or green goggles with those amazing sideglasses, though by now Americanized enough to have discarded his sky-blue veil. He was one of the capital's sights, not to be missed on a trip to Washington.

Walt Whitman has handed down a story of how, on a summer day, provoked by a friend's comment on the

current news, Gurowski pulled his straw hat down with both hands and danced on the street like a maniac, howling his customary: "You are an ass!" A few nights later the count was briefly arrested and lightly fined for drawing a pistol as his encouragement to firemen to hasten to a fire. On a spring day, he met an old friend on a narrow path crossing the muddy street in front of the Treasury, just as a large troop of cavalry approached. As Whitman tells the story:

He threw open his arms to stop me,
and without any preliminary phrase,
launched into an invective of Horace
Greeley. In an instant the troop was
upon us, and we were surrounded by
trampling and rearing horses, and sol-
diers shouting to us to get out of the
way. Gurowski, utterly heedless of
all around him, raised his voice above

the tumult, and roared that Horace
Greeley was "an ass, a traitor, and a
coward."

He belonged to stormy times, and
it would have been strange to see him
live on to an era of peace and recon-
struction. "Violent I was born, and
violent I shall die," he once wrote. He
died one year after he had grudgingly
mourned Lincoln. Typhoid carried
him off on May 4, 1866. Julia Ward
Howe, who knew him well without
losing her temper, brought a Unitar-
ian minister to officiate at his funeral,
though she thought and later wrote
that this was a humorous thing to do
to the count. Stanton and other
friends came to the funeral. "All the
big Radicals were there," Walt Whit-
man wrote to his brother. Senator
Charles Sumner came, too, with tears
in his eyes.

THE SHAPE OF PAIN

BY SARA VAN ALSTYNE ALLEN

This is the shape of pain: the ragged wound that lies
Unsealed upon the hand, the endless emptiness
That speaks behind the eyes.

This is the shape of pain: the sobbing water here
That seeks the barren land; the frost upon the heart,
The everlasting spear.

This is the shape of pain: the ever-rising moon,
The poison, smooth and bland distilled in the long night,
Most fatal at high noon, that time of day
When any drink seems kind to the believing mind.

THE BABY IN THE ICEBOX

A STORY

BY JAMES M. CAIN

OF COURSE there was plenty pieces in the paper about what happened out at the place last summer, but they got it all mixed up, so I will now put down how it really was, and specially the beginning of it, so you will see it is not no lies in it.

Because when a guy and his wife begin to play leapfrog with a tiger, like you might say, and the papers put in about that part and not none of the stuff that started it off, and then one day say X marks the spot and next day say it wasn't really no murder but don't tell you what it was, why I don't blame people if they figure there was something funny about it or maybe that somebody ought to be locked up in the booby-hatch. But there wasn't no booby-hatch to this, nothing but plain onriness and a dirty rat getting it in the neck where he had it coming to him, as you will see when I get the first part explained right.

Things first begun to go sour between Duke and Lura when they put the cats in. They didn't need no cats. They had a combination auto-camp, filling-station and lunch-room out in the country a ways, and they got along all right. Duke run the filling-station, and got me in to help him, and Lura took care of the lunch-room and shacks. But Duke wasn't satisfied. Before he got this place he had raised rabbits, and one time he had bees, and another time canary birds, and nothing would suit him now but to put in some cats to draw trade. Maybe you think that's funny, but out here in California they got every kind of a farm there is, from kangaroos to alligators, and it was just about the idea that a guy like Duke would think up. So he begun building a cage, and one day he showed up with a truckload of wildcats.

I wasn't there when they unloaded

JAMES M. CAIN'S fiction is, of course, well known to the American reading public, with *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and *Serenade* among his more popular books. He has devoted most of his time in recent years to writing scenarios in Hollywood. This story, which first appeared in *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* of January 1933, is one of a series of occasional reprints.

them. It was two or three cars waiting and I had to gas them up. But soon as I got a chance I went back there to look things over. And believe me, they wasn't pretty. The guy that sold Duke the cats had went away about five minutes before, and Duke was standing outside the cage and he had a stick of wood in his hand with blood on it. Inside was a dead cat. The rest of them was on a shelf, that had been built for them to jump on, and every one of them was snarling at Duke.

I don't know if you ever saw a wild-cat, but they are about twice as big as a house cat, brindle gray, with tufted ears and a bobbed tail. When they set and look at you they look like a owl, but they wasn't setting and looking now. They was marching around, coughing and spitting, their eyes shooting red and green fire, and it was a ugly sight, specially with that bloody dead one down on the ground. Duke was pale, and the breath was whistling through his nose, and it didn't take no doctor to see he was scared to death.

"You better bury that cat," he says to me. "I'll take care of the cars."

I looked through the wire and he grabbed me. "Look out!" he says. "They'd kill you in a minute."

"In that case," I says, "how do I get the cat out?"

"You'll have to get a stick," he says, and shoves off.

I was pretty sore, but I begun looking around for a stick. I found one, but when I got back to the cage Lura was there. "How did that happen?" she says.

"I don't know," I says, "but I can tell you this much: If there's any more of them to be buried around here, you can get somebody else to do it. My job is to fix flats, and I'm not going to be no cat undertaker."

She didn't have nothing to say to that. She just stood there while I was trying the stick, and I could hear her toe snapping up and down in the sand, and from that I knowed she was choking it back, what she really thought, and didn't think no more of this here cat idea than I did.

The stick was too short. "My," she says, pretty disagreeable, "that looks terrible. You can't bring people out here with a thing like that in there."

"All right," I snapped back. "Find me a stick."

She didn't make no move to find no stick. She put her hand on the gate. "Hold on," I says. "Them things are nothing to monkey with."

"Huh," she says. "All they look like to me is a bunch of cats."

There was a kennel back of the cage, with a drop door on it, where they was supposed to go at night. How you got them back there was bait them with food, but I didn't know that then. I yelled at them, to

drive them back in there, but nothing happened. All they done was yell back. Lura listened to me a while, and then she give a kind of gasp like she couldn't stand it no longer, opened the gate, and went in.

Now believe me, that next was a bad five minutes, because she wasn't hard to look at, and I hated to think of her getting mauled up by them babies. But a guy would of had to of been blind if it didn't show him that she had a way with cats. First thing she done, when she got in, she stood still, didn't make no sudden motions or nothing, and begun to talk to them. Not no special talk. Just "Pretty pussy, what's the matter, what they been doing to, you?"—like that. Then she went over to them.

They slid off, on their bellies, to another part of the shelf. But she kept after them, and got her hand on one, and stroked him on the back. Then she got a-hold of another one, and pretty soon she had give them all a pat. Then she turned around, picked up the dead cat by one leg, and come out with him. I put him on the wheelbarrow and buried him.

Now, why was it that Lura kept it from Duke how easy she had got the cat out and even about being in the cage at all? I think it was just because she didn't have the heart to show him up to hisself how silly he looked. Anyway, at supper that night, she

never said a word. Duke, he was nervous and excited and told all about how the cats had jumped at him and how he had to bean one to save his life, and then he give a long spiel about cats and how fear is the only thing they understand, so you would of thought he was Martin Johnson just back from the jungle or something.

But it seemed to me the dishes was making quite a noise that night, clattering around on the table, and that was funny, because one thing you could say for Lura was: she was quiet and easy to be around. So when Duke, just like it was nothing at all, asks me by the way how did I get the cat out, I heard my mouth saying, "With a stick," and not nothing more. A little bird flies around and tells you, at a time like that. Lura let it pass. Never said a word. And if you ask me, Duke never did find out how easy she could handle the cats, and that ain't only guesswork, but on account of something that happened a little while afterwards, when we got the mountain-lion.

A mountain-lion is a cougar, only out here they call them a mountain-lion. Well, one afternoon about five o'clock this one of ours squat down on her hunkers and set up the worst squalling you ever listen to. She kept it up all night, so you wanted to go out and shoot her, and next morning

at breakfast Duke come running in and says come on out and look what happened. So we went out there, and there in the cage with her was the prettiest he mountain-lion you ever seen in your life. He was big, probably weighed a hundred and fifty pounds, and his coat was a pearl gray so glossy it looked like a pair of new gloves, and he had a spot of white on his throat. Sometimes they have white.

"He come down from the hills when he heard her call last night," says Duke, "and he got in there somehow. Ain't it funny? When they hear that note nothing can stop them."

"Yeah," I says. "It's love."

"That's it," says Duke. "Well, we'll be having some little ones soon. Cheaper'n buying them."

After he had went off to town to buy the stuff for the day, Lura sat down to the table with me. "Nice of you," I says, "to let Romeo in last night."

"Romeo?" she says.

"Yes, Romeo. That's going to be papa of twins soon, out in the lion cage."

"Oh," she says, "didn't he get in there himself?"

"He did not. If she couldn't get out, how could he get in?"

All she give me at that time was a dead pan. Didn't know nothing about it at all. Fact of the matter, she made me a little sore. But after she brung

me my second cup of coffee she kind of smiled. "Well?" she says. "You wouldn't keep two loving hearts apart, would you?"

II

So things was, like you might say, a little gritty, but they got a whole lot worse when Duke come home with Rajah, the tiger. Because by that time, he had told so many lies that he begun to believe them hisself, and put on all the airs of a big animal-trainer. When people come out on Sundays, he would take a black snake whip and go in with the mountain-lions and wildcats, and snap it at them, and they would snarl and yowl, and Duke acted like he was doing something. Before he went in, he would let the people see him strapping on a big six-shooter, and Lura got sorer by the week.

For one thing, he looked so silly. She couldn't see nothing to going in with the cats, and specially she couldn't see no sense in going in with a whip, a six-shooter and a ten-gallon hat like them cow people wears. And for another thing, it was bad for business. In the beginning, when Lura would take the customers' kids out and make out the cat had their finger, they loved it, and they loved it still more when the little mountain-lions come and they had spots and would push up their ears to be scratched.

But when Duke started that stuff with the whip it scared them to death, and even the fathers and mothers was nervous, because there was the gun and they didn't know what would happen next. So business begun to fall off.

And then one afternoon he put down a couple of drinks and figured it was time for him to go in there with Rajah. Now it had took Lura one minute to tame Rajah. She was in there sweeping out his cage one mornning when Duke was away, and when he started sliding around on his belly he got a bucket of water in the face, and that was that. From then on he was her cat. But what happened when Duke tried to tame him was awful. The first I knew what he was up to was when he made a speech to the people from the mountain-lion cage telling them not to go away yet, there was more to come. And when he come out he headed over to the tiger.

"What's the big idea?" I says. "What you up to now?"

"I'm going in with that tiger," he says. "It's got to be done, and I might as well do it now."

"Why has it got to be done?" I says.

He looked at me like as though he pitied me.

"I guess there's a few things about cats you don't know yet," he says. "You got a tiger on your hands, you

got to let him know who's boss, that's all."

"Yeah?" I says. "And who *is* boss?"

"You see that?" he says, and cocks his finger at his face.

"See what?" I says.

"The human eye," he says. "The human eye, that's all. A cat's afraid of it. And if you know your business, you'll keep him afraid of it. That's all I'll use, the human eye. But of course, just for protection, I've got these too."

"Listen, sweetheart," I says to him. "If you give me a choice between the human eye and a Bengal tiger, which one *I* got the most fear of, you're going to see a guy getting a shiner every time. If I was you, I'd lay off that cat."

He didn't say nothing: hitched up his holster, and went in. He didn't even get a chance to unlimber his whip. That tiger, soon as he saw him, begun to move around in a way that made your blood run cold. He didn't make for Duke first, you understand. He slid over, and in a second he was between Duke and the gate. That's one thing about a tiger you better not forget if you ever meet one. He can't work examples in arithmetic, but when it comes to the kind of brains that mean meat, he's the brightest boy in the class and then some. He's born knowing more about cutting off a retreat than you'll ever know, and

his legs do it for him, just automatic, so his jaws will be free for the main business of the meeting.

Duke backed away, and his face was awful to see. He was straining every muscle to keep his mouth from sliding down in his collar. His left hand fingered the whip a little, and his right pawed around, like he had some idea of drawing the gun. But the tiger didn't give him time to make up his mind what his idea was, if any.

He would slide a few feet on his belly, then get up and trot a step or two, then slide on his belly again. He didn't make no noise, you understand. He wasn't telling Duke, Please go away: he meant to kill him, and a killer don't generally make no more fuss than he has to. So for a few seconds you could even hear Duke's feet sliding over the floor. But all of a sudden a kid begun to whimper, and I come to my senses. I run around to the back of the cage, because that was where the tiger was crowding him, and I yelled at him.

"Duke!" I says. "In his kennel! Quick!"

He didn't seem to hear me. He was still backing, and the tiger was still coming. A woman screamed. The tiger's head went down, he crouched on the ground, and tightened every muscle. I knew what that meant. Everybody knew what it meant, and

specially Duke knew what it meant. He made a funny sound in his throat, turned, and ran.

That was when the tiger sprung. Duke had no idea where he was going, but when he turned he fell through the trap door and I snapped it down. The tiger hit it so hard I thought it would split. One of Duke's legs was out, and the tiger was on it in a flash, but all he got on that grab was the sole of Duke's shoe. Duke got his leg in somehow and I jammed the door down tight.

It was a sweet time at supper that night. Lura didn't see this here, because she was busy in the lunch-room when it happened, but them people had talked on their way out, and she knowed all about it. What she said was plenty. And Duke, what do you think he done? He passed it off like it wasn't nothing at all. "Just one of them things you got to expect," he says. And then he let on he knowed what he was doing all the time, and the only lucky part of it was that he didn't have to shoot a valuable animal like Rajah was. "Keep cool, that's the main thing," he says. "A thing like that can happen now and then, but never let a animal see you excited."

I heard him, and I couldn't believe my ears, but when I looked at Lura I jumped. I think I told you she wasn't hard to look at. She was a kind of medium size, with a shape that would

make a guy leave his happy home, sunburned all over, and high cheek-bones that give her eyes a funny slant. But her eyes was narrowed down to slits, looking at Duke, and they shot green where the light hit them, and it come over me all of a sudden that she looked so much like Rajah, when he was closing in on Duke in the afternoon, that she could of been his twin sister.

III

Next off, Duke got it in his head he was such a big cat man now that he had to go up in the hills and do some trapping. Bring in his own stuff, he called it.

I didn't pay much attention to it at the time. Of course, he never brought in no stuff, except a couple of raccoons that he probably bought down the road for \$2, but Duke was the kind of a guy that every once in a while has to sit on a rock and fish, so when he loaded up the flivver and blew, it wasn't nothing you would get excited about. Maybe I didn't really care what he was up to, because it was pretty nice, running the place with Lura with him out of the way, and I didn't ask no questions. But it was more to it than cats or 'coons or fish, and Lura knowed it, even if I didn't.

Anyhow, it was while he was away on one of them trips of his that Wild Bill Smith the Texas Tornado showed

up. Bill was a snake-doctor. He had a truck, with his picture painted on it, and two or three boxes of old rattlesnakes with their teeth pulled out, and he sold snake-oil that would cure what ailed you, and a Indian herb medicine that would do the same. He was a fake, but he was big and brown and had white teeth, and I guess he really wasn't no bad guy. The first I seen of him was when he drove up in his truck, and told me to gas him up and look at his tires. He had a bum differential that made a funny rattle, but he said never mind that and went over to the lunch-room.

He was there a long time, and I thought I better let him know his car was ready. When I went over there, he was setting on a stool with a sheepish look on his face, rubbing his hand. He had a snake ring on one finger, with two red eyes, and on the back of his hand was red streaks. I knew what that meant. He had started something and Lura had fixed him. She had a pretty arm, but a grip like iron, that she said come from milking cows when she was a kid. What she done when a guy got fresh was take hold of his hand and squeeze it so the bones cracked, and he generally changed his mind.

She handed him his check without a word, and I told him what he owed on the car, and he paid up and left.

"So you settled his hash, hey?" I says to her.

"If there's one thing gets on my nerves," she says, "it's a man that starts something the minute he gets in the door."

"Why didn't you yell for me?"

"Oh, I really didn't need no help."

But the next day he was back, and after I filled up his car I went over to see how he was behaving. He was setting at one of the tables this time, and Lura was standing beside him. I saw her jerk her hand away quick, and he give me the bright grin a man has when he's got something he wants to cover up. He was all teeth. "Nice day," he says. "Great weather you have in this country."

"So I hear," I says. "Your car's ready."

"What I owe you?" he says.

"Dollar twenty."

He counted it out and left.

"Listen," says Lura: "we weren't doing anything when you come in. He was just reading my hand. He's a snake doctor, and knows about the zodiac."

"Oh, wasn't we?" I says. "Well, wasn't we nice!"

"What's it to you?" she says.

"Nothing," I snapped at her. I was pretty sore.

"He says I was born under the sign of Yin," she says. You would of thought it was a piece of news fit to put in the paper.

"And who is Yin?" I says.

"It's Chinese for tiger," she says.

"Then bite yourself off a piece of raw meat," I says, and slammed out of there. We didn't have no nice time running the joint *that* day.

Next morning he was back. I kept away from the lunch-room, but I took a stroll, and seen them back there with the tiger. We had hauled a tree in there by that time, for Rajah to sharpen his claws on, and she was setting on that. The tiger had his head in her lap, and Wild Bill was looking through the wire. He couldn't even draw his breath. I didn't go near enough to hear what they was saying. I went back to the car and begin blowing the horn.

He was back quite a few times after that, in between while Duke was away. Then one night I heard a truck drive up. I knowed that truck by its rattle. And it was daylight before I heard it go away.

Couple weeks after that, Duke come running over to me at the filling-station. "Shake hands with me," he says. "I'm going to be a father."

"Gee," I says, "that's great!"

But I took good care he wasn't around when I mentioned it to Lura.

"Congratulations," I says. "Letting Romeos into the place seems to be about the best thing you do."

"What do you mean?" she says.

"Nothing," I says. "Only I heard him drive up that night. Look like to

me the moon was under the sign of Cupid. Well, it's nice if you can get away with it."

"Oh," she says.

"Yeah," I says. "A fine double cross you thought up. I didn't know they tried that any more."

She set and looked at me, and then her mouth begin to twitch and her eyes filled with tears. She tried to snuffle them up but it didn't work. "It's not any double cross," she says. "That night, I never went out there. And I never let anybody in. I was supposed to go away with him that night, but —"

She broke off and begin to cry. I took her in my arms. "But then you found this out?" I says. "Is that it?" She nodded her head. It's awful to have a pretty woman in your arms that's crying over somebody else.

From then on, it was terrible. Lura would go along two or three days pretty nice, trying to like Duke again on account of the baby coming, but then would come a day when she looked like some kind of a hex, with her eyes all sunk in so you could hardly see them at all, and not a word out of her.

Them bad days, anyhow when Duke wasn't around, she would spend with the tiger. She would set and watch him sleep, or maybe play with him, and he seemed to like it as much

as she did. He was young when we got him, and mangy and thin, so you could see his slats. But now he was about six year old, and had been fed good, so he had got his growth and his coat was nice, and I think he was the biggest tiger I ever seen. A tiger, when he is really big, is a lot bigger than a lion, and sometimes when Rajah would be rubbing around Lura, he looked more like a mule than a cat.

His shoulders come up above her waist, and his head was so big it would cover both her legs when he put it in her lap. When his tail would go sliding past her it looked like some kind of a constrictor snake. His teeth were something to make you lie awake nights. A tiger has the biggest teeth of any cat, and Rajah's must have been four inches long, curved like a cavalry sword, and ivory white. They were the most murderous looking fangs I ever set eyes on.

When Lura went to the hospital it was a hurry call, and she didn't even have time to get her clothes together. Next day Duke had to pack her bag, and he was strutting around, because it was a boy, and Lura had named him Ron. But when he come out with the bag, he didn't have much of a strut. "Look what I found," he says to me, and fishes something out of his pocket. It was the snake ring.

"Well?" I says. "They sell them in any ten-cent store."

"H'm," he says, and kind of weighed the ring in his hand. That afternoon, when he come back, he says: "Ten-cent store, hey? I took it to a jeweler today, and he offered me two hundred dollars for it."

"You ought to sold it," I says. "Maybe save you bad luck."

Duke went away again right after Lura come back, and for a little while things was all right. She was crazy about the little boy, and I thought he was pretty cute myself, and we got along fine. But then Duke come back and at lunch one day he made a crack about the ring. Lura didn't say nothing, but he kept at it, and pretty soon she wheeled on him.

"All right," she says. "There was another man around here, and I loved him. He give me that ring, and it meant that he and I belonged to each other. But I didn't go with him, and you know why I didn't. For Ron's sake, I've tried to love you again, and maybe I can yet, God knows. A woman can do some funny things if she tries. But that's where we're at now. That's right where we're at. And if you don't like it, you better say what you're going to do."

"When was this?" says Duke.

"It was quite a while ago. I told you I give him up, and I give him up for keeps."

"It was just before you knowed about Ron, wasn't it?" he says.

"Hey," I cut in. "That's no way to talk."

"Just what I thought," he says, not paying no attention to me. "Ron. That's a funny name for a kid. I thought it was funny, right off when I heard it. Ron. Ron. That's a laugh, ain't it?"

"That's a lie," she says. "That's a lie, every bit of it. And it's not the only lie you've been getting away with around here. Or think you have. Trapping up in the hills, hey? And what do you trap?"

But she looked at me, and choked it back. I begun to see that the cats wasn't the only things that had been gumming it up.

"All right," she wound up. "Say what you're going to do. Go on. Say it!"

But he didn't.

"Ron," he cackles, "that's a hot one," and walks out.

IV

Next day was Saturday, and he acted funny all day. He wouldn't speak to me or Lura, and once or twice I heard him mumbling to himself. Right after supper he says to me, "How are we on oil?"

"All right," I says. "The truck was around yesterday."

"You better drive in and get some," he says. "I don't think we got enough."

"Enough?" I says. "We got enough for two weeks."

"Tomorrow is Sunday," he says, "and there'll be a big call for it. Bring out a hundred gallon and tell them to put it on the account."

By that time, I would give in to one of his nutty ideas rather than have a argument with him, and besides, I never tumbled that he was up to anything. So I wasn't there for what happened next, but I got it out of Lura later, so here is how it was:

Lura didn't pay much attention to the argument about the oil, but washed up the supper dishes, and then went in the bedroom to make sure everything was all right with the baby. When she come out she left the door open, so she could hear if he cried. The bedroom was off the sitting-room, because these here California houses don't have but one floor, and all the rooms connect. Then she lit the fire, because it was cool, and sat there watching it burn. Duke come in, walked around, and then went out back. "Close the door," she says to him. "I'll be right back," he says.

So she sat looking at the fire, she didn't know how long, maybe five minutes, maybe ten minutes. But pretty soon she felt the house shake. She thought maybe it was a earthquake, and looked at the pictures, but they was all hanging straight. Then

she felt the house shake again. She listened, but it wasn't no truck outside that would cause it, and it wouldn't be no state road blasting or nothing like that at that time of night. Then she felt it shake again, and this time it shook in a regular movement, one, two, three, four, like that. And then all of a sudden she knew what it was, why Duke had acted so funny all day, why he had sent me off for the gas, why he had left the door open, and all the rest of it. There was five hundred pound of cat walking through the house, and Duke had turned him loose to kill her.

She turned around, and Rajah was looking at her, not five foot away. She didn't do nothing for a minute, just set there thinking what a boob Duke was to figure on the tiger doing his dirty work for him, when all the time she could handle him easy as a kitten, only Duke didn't know it. Then she spoke. She expected Rajah to come and put his head in her lap, but he didn't. He stood there and growled, and his ears flattened back. That scared her, and she thought of the baby. I told you a tiger has that kind of brains. It no sooner went through her head about the baby than Rajah knowed she wanted to get to that door, and he was over there before she could get out of the chair.

He was snarling in a regular roar now, but he hadn't got a whiff of the

baby yet, and he was still facing Lura. She could see he meant business. She reached in the fireplace, grabbed a stick that was burning bright, and walked him down with it. A tiger is afraid of fire, and she shoved it right in his eyes. He backed past the door, and she slid in the bedroom. But he was right after her, and she had to hold the stick at him with one hand and grab the baby with the other.

But she couldn't get out. He had her cornered, and he was kicking up such a awful fuss she knowed the stick wouldn't stop him long. So she dropped it, grabbed up the baby's covers, and threw them at his head. They went wild, but they saved her just the same. A tiger, if you throw something at him with a human smell, will generally jump on it and bite at it before he does anything else, and that's what he done now. He jumped so hard the rug went out from under him, and while he was scrambling to his feet she shot past him with the baby and pulled the door shut after her.

She run in my room, got a blanket, wrapped the baby in it, and run out to the electric icebox. It was the only thing around the place that was steel. Soon as she opened the door she knowed why she couldn't do nothing with Rajah. His meat was in there, Duke hadn't fed him. She pulled the meat out, shoved the baby in, cut off

the current, and closed the door. Then she picked up the meat and went around the outside of the house to the window of the bedroom. She could see Rajah in there, biting at the top of the door, where a crack of light showed through. He reached to the ceiling. She took a grip on the meat and drove at the screen with it. It give way, and the meat went through. He was on it before it hit the floor.

Next thing was to give him time to eat. She figured she could handle him once he got something in his belly. She went back to the sitting-room. And in there, kind of peering around, was Duke. He had his gun strapped on, and one look at his face was all she needed to know she hadn't made no mistake about why the tiger was loose.

"Oh," he says, kind of foolish, and then walked back and closed the door. "I meant to come back sooner, but I couldn't help looking at the night. You got no idea how beautiful it is. Stars is bright as anything."

"Yeah," she says. "I noticed."

"Beautiful," he says. "Beautiful."

"Was you expecting burglars or something?" she says, looking at the gun.

"Oh, that," he says. "No. Cats been kicking up a fuss. I put it on, case I have to go back there. Always like to have it handy."

"The tiger," she says. "I thought I heard him, myself."

"Loud," says Duke. "Awful loud."

He waited. She waited. She wasn't going to give him the satisfaction of opening up first. But just then there come a growl from the bedroom, and the sound of bones cracking. A tiger acts awful sore when he eats. "What's that?" says Duke.

"I wonder," says Lura. She was hell-bent on making him spill it first.

They both looked at each other, and then there was more growls, and more sound of cracking bones. "You better go in there," says Duke, soft and easy, with the sweat standing out on his forehead and his eyes shining bright as marbles. "Something might be happening to Ron."

"Do you know what I think it is?" says Lura.

"What's that?" says Duke. His breath was whistling through his nose like it always done when he got excited.

"I think it's that tiger you sent in here to kill me," says Lura. "So you could bring in that woman you been running around with for over a year. That redhead that raises rabbit fryers on the Ventura road. That cat you been trapping!"

"And 'stead of getting you he got Ron," says Duke. "Little Ron! Oh my, ain't that tough? Go in there, why don't you? Ain't you got no mother love? Why don't you call up his pappy, get him in there? What's the matter? Is he afraid of a cat?"

Lura laughed at him. "All right," she says. "Now you go." With that she took hold of him. He tried to draw the gun, but she crumpled up his hand like a piece of wet paper and the gun fell on the floor. She bent him back on the table and beat his face in for him. Then she picked him up, dragged him to the front door, and threw him out. He run off a little ways. She come back and saw the gun. She picked it up, went to the door again, and threw it after him. "And take that pea-shooter with you," she says.

That was where she made her big mistake. When she turned to go back in the house, he shot, and that was the last she knew for a while.

Now, for what happened next, it wasn't nobody there, only Duke and the tiger, but after them state cops got done fitting it all together, combing the ruins and all, it wasn't no trouble to tell how it was, anyway most of it, and here's how they figured it out:

Soon as Duke seen Lura fall, right there in front of the house, he knowed he was up against it. So the first thing he done was run to where she was and put the gun in her hand, to make it look like she had shot herself. That was where he made *his* big mistake, because if he had kept the gun he might of had a chance. Then he went inside to telephone, and what he said

was, soon as he got hold of the state police: "For God's sake come out here quick. My wife has went crazy and throwed the baby to the tiger and shot herself and I'm all alone in the house with him and — *Oh, my God, here he comes!*"

Now, that last was something he didn't figure on saying. So far as he knowed, the tiger was in the room, having a nice meal off his son, so everything was hotsy-totsy. But what he didn't know was that that piece of burning firewood that Lura had dropped had set the room on fire and on account of that the tiger had got out. How did he get out? We never did quite figure that out. But this is how I figure it, and one man's guess is good as another's:

The fire started near the window, we knew that much. That was where Lura dropped the stick, right next to the cradle, and that was where a guy coming down the road in a car first seen the flames. And what I think is that soon as the tiger got his eye off the meat and seen the fire, he begun to scramble away from it, just wild. And when a wild tiger hits a beaver-board wall, he goes through, that's all. While Duke was telephoning, Rajah come through the wall like a clown through a hoop, and the first thing he seen was Duke, setting at the telephone, and Duke wasn't no friend, not to Rajah he wasn't.

Anyway, that's how things was when I got there, with the oil. The state cops was a little ahead of me, and I met the ambulance with Lura in it, coming down the road 70 mile an hour, but just figured there had been a crash up the road, and didn't know nothing about it having Lura in it. And when I drove up, there was plenty to look at all right. The house was in flames, and the police was trying to get in, but couldn't get nowhere near it on account of the heat, and about a hundred cars parked all around, with people looking, and a gasoline pumper cruising up and down the road, trying to find a water connection somewheres they could screw their hose to. But inside the house was the terrible part. You could hear Duke screaming, and in between Duke was the tiger. And both of them was screams of fear, but I think the tiger was worse. It is a awful thing to hear a animal letting out a sound like that. It kept up about five minutes after I got there, and then all of a sudden you couldn't hear nothing but the tiger. And then in a minute that stopped.

There wasn't nothing to do about the fire. In a half hour the whole place was gone, and they was combing the ruins for Duke. Well, they found him. And in his head was four holes, two on each side, deep. We measured them fangs of the tiger. They just fit.

Soon as I could I run in to the hos-

pital. They had got the bullet out by that time, and Lura was laying in bed all bandaged around the head, but there was a guard over her, on account of what Duke said over the telephone. He was a state cop. I sat down with him, and he didn't like it none. Neither did I. I knowed there was something funny about it, but what broke your heart was Lura, coming out of the ether. She would groan and mutter and try to say something so hard it would make your head ache. After a while I got up and went in the hall. But then I see the state cop shoot out of the room and line down the hall as fast as he could go. At last she had said it. The baby was in the electric icebox. They found

him there, still asleep and just about ready for his milk. The fire had blacked up the outside, but inside it was as cool and nice as a new bathtub.

Well, that was about all. They cleared Lura, soon as she told her story, and the baby in the icebox proved it. Soon as she got out of the hospital she got a offer from the movies, but 'stead of taking it she come out to the place and her and I run it for a while, anyway the filling-station end, sleeping in the shacks and getting along nice. But one night I heard a rattle from a bum differential, and I never even bothered to show up for breakfast the next morning. I often wish I had. Maybe she left me a note.

THE CAREFUL HANDS

BY KAYE STARBIRD

She seldom played a song on the spinnet,
For fear of smudging the tidy white keys.
Her yard was lawn, with no corner in it
For strange, predictable pansies or peas.

Her shelf held a cup with a fluted handle.
Her dresser drawer hid an amethyst pin;
But she wore a brooch as pale as a candle
And drank from a dented dipper of tin.

She kept, with everything else, for best,
A heart that should have been given like flowers
And locked it away in her neat, safe breast,
To tick off a lifetime of useless hours.

DOWN TO EARTH

by ALAN DEVOE



SNAKE ROUNDUP

IN ALMOST any locality, snakes are far from being the commonest sort of creature. There are almost certain to be many more insects than serpents. There are probably more birds, more mammals, and — except in such situations as deserts — even a higher incidence of fish. But everywhere and always it seems to be the snakes that attract more interest, raise more excitement, and are the subject of more discussions and questions than any other creatures of the animal kingdom.

Are there snakes with a sting in their tails? Are most snakes poisonous? Is it true that a rattlesnake won't cross a rope made of horsehair? Do snakes hypnotize their prey? Do snakes have concealed legs? How fast can snakes travel? For every other sort of nature question that comes to this department of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, there are probably three

questions about snakes. In summer time the questions are particularly numerous, for in this season, of course, a great many of us who ordinarily never see a snake unless we happen to be visiting the zoo are spending some time in the open country where at any moment a snake may go slithering across our feet. What manner of creature is this?

There have been discussions of snake-matters in these pages in other years. But this year, in this interim season when summertime is nearly gone and the earth-events of autumn are not yet under way, suppose we try having a sort of once-and-for-all roundup of the facts about snakes. The "snake books" are ponderous affairs, with a good deal of unrequired information in them. The questions and factualities of greatest popular interest are sufficiently limited in number so that it ought to be possible to cover just about all of them in the length of one article. What are

the foundational facts, then, about the populace of "crawly creeples"? Here we go:

First: Snakes are not slimy. This horrid adjective has probably made more people snake-timid than any other single delusion. Eels, which are fish, are slimy. Lots of aquatic and semi-aquatic creatures are slimy. But snakes, no. A snake's skin is dry, as inoffensive in texture as the smooth bark of a maple sapling, and quite exceptionally clean. Snakes are one of the cleanest of all living creatures.

Are most snakes poisonous? This is very far indeed from the case. There are rather more than two thousand different species of snakes inhabiting our earth. Only something over a *tenth* of this total snakesdom are venomous. Except in a very few localities, the chances are much better than ten to one that any snake encountered is as harmless as a cricket. In vast areas of the world there are *no* poisonous snakes. There is also this comfortable fact to be noted: Some of the snakes listed (correctly) in the herpetological manuals as "venomous" and even "deadly" are not in practical fact a serious threat to human beings. Though they carry poison of extreme toxicity, their mouths are so small, or their teeth are so tiny, or their dispositions are so placid, that actually they very rarely inflict a dangerous bite on anyone. Our South-

ern coral snake, for instance, was recently pictured in a popular magazine, with a terrifying text about the fearsome venomousness of the creature. A coral snake *does* have a highly toxic venom (similar to cobras'). But the snake is little; it is mild and shy, and likes to burrow out of sight; it does not often bite even when picked up and handled by the ignorant. Is it a poisonous snake? Technically, yes indeed; but not in any very lively or active sense, or half the population of our Southern states would have been killed off long ago.

II

Can snakes go very fast? No. They *seem* to go very fast, because of all the sidewise undulating and whipping in which they engage when hurrying, but their actual progress from point to point in a straightaway is not fast enough for them to overtake anyone who has a determination to get away. The only possible exceptions here are whip snakes (not poisonous) which a few observers have claimed can travel as fast as a running man. Most experienced snake-men doubt it.

Will any snakes take their tails in their mouths and roll hoopwise? Or will any snake sting with its tail? Or will any snake implacably avenge the killing of its mate? Or is there a danger of being hypnotized by a snake? Or is it true that a puffing adder

blows a spray of poison? The answer to all these gruesome alarms is No. The *Heterodon* snakes (our American "puff adders") all spread out their necks and blow up their lungs and hiss like fiends when molested; but the performance has nothing to back it up. It is a bluff. Some snakes (mud snakes) have a spiny formation at the tip of their tails. It is not a sting. No snake anywhere has a sting in its tail. The devotion of a snake to its mate is zero. (Every living creature has of course a certain amount of "personality," dim or bright. It participates, we may take it, to some degree in the experience of consciousness, after its fashion. But the light of "personality" burns very dim indeed in snakes. Snakes aren't devoted to their young, or their mates, or even to their homes except in the most mechanical and nearly chemical way.) No snake has hypnotic powers. No snake can roll like a hoop.

So much for some nightmare fancies. Now to some fancies less awful but no less fanciful. These are the facts:

A snake will cross a horsehair rope as readily as it will cross any other small obstacle. A snake is not deterred by a railroad track.

A snake is not capable of protruding hidden legs in an emergency. What a snake may show, in *extremis*, is the male sexual organ. Boas and pythons

do show vestiges of rudimentary legs, but that is another matter.

A snake does not use its tongue to coat prey with saliva before swallowing it. (The special quality of eerie dreadfulness in snake-myths needs a team of psychoanalysts and theologians to explain it.) A snake's tongue is a delicate sensory organ. It doesn't dribble spittle. It doesn't convey poison. It is as harmless as a moth's antennae.

Snakes have red blood, just like puppies or kittens or you or me. The origin of the macabre supposition that their blood is *yellow* can only be guessed. It seems to be part of the whole mass of nasty misinformation which would make snakes somehow unwholesome, debased, diseased and Satan-touched.

To finish this part of our informational roundup: Snakes don't respond to musical tunes. They are earless and "deaf as an adder." The only sounds they "hear" are vibrations picked up from the ground. Snakes don't swallow their young to protect them . . . or at least they *almost* certainly don't. (A naturalist who closes his mind completely, when there is even the tiniest possibility that an old superstition may turn into a newly discovered truth, has stopped being a naturalist and become a fanatic. But the available evidence is strong against the possibility of youngster-swallow-

ing. Snakes lack maternal instinct; their digestive juices are formidably strong; and the fact that many snakes bear living babies seems sufficient to account for the frequency with which a killed snake's body is found to contain a batch of young ones which she is guessed to have "swallowed.") Snakes don't suck the milk from cows, and snakes don't skim the cream off standing milk. Snakes don't "sting" trees or other vegetations, causing them to wither and die; and when seized by their tails they don't detach the tail and wriggle free. (This notion presumably has its roots in observations of the "glass snake," which does do something of the sort; but the "glass snake" is not a snake but a lizard.) Snakes can in no circumstances stand vertical on their tails, and a killed snake does not live until sundown. It is not necessary for a snake to strike in order to bite. Green snakes are by no means always poisonous. There is no "snakeweed" that is a sure antidote for snake bite, and still less do the wild animals in rattler-country unerringly know this weed by instinct. The bite of a venomous snake is not counteracted by copious draughts of whisky. (Such treatment merely puts upon the victim the double strain of two kinds of poisoning at once.) Even snakes that live in the water never have gills. To conclude with the fondest of all the

foolishnesses: A horsehair left in water doesn't turn into a snake. The creature that looks like an animated horsehair, and that often occurs in horse-troughs, is a thread-fine parasitic worm.

III

Our roundup of snake-facts seems to have been largely in terms of Things That Aren't So. This is an almost unavoidable way in which to write about snakes, for the queries that come in about them almost invariably display one or another of the suppositions that we have been finding to be baseless. Not to leave our snake survey in a spirit of negativism, however, there may be brought forward two or three bits of snake lore, on the positive side, that are authentic, little-known, and easily as astonishing as any moonshine about a hoop snake or a snake with yellow blood. There is the matter of snakes' teeth, for instance; or the very strange matter of their eggs; or the downright fantastical facts about what snakes can swallow.

In the matter of teeth: Snakes keep growing teeth all the time, all their lives. A snake has two rows of teeth in its lower jaw and four in its upper. The teeth are brittle and delicate and often get broken. The snake always grows replacements. Not only that. Even when the teeth *don't* get bro-

ken, new ones are constantly forming. They push out and replace the former teeth in a continuous succession.

Or about swallowing: It is entirely true that a snake can eat an animal bigger than itself. A snake's upper and lower jawbones can be separated, in the process of engulfing a big meal. This rubberiness of jaw structure, in combination with the stretching quality of a snake's skin and the astonishing way in which its internal organs can be pushed about, makes it possible for a snake to perform eating feats comparable to a man's stuffing a basketball into his mouth or swallowing, inch by inch, a whole steer.

There is no queerer true snake-fact with which a gathering of snakery could conclude than the thing that happens to the eggs of oviparous

snakes. (Snakes, by the way, are usually divided into "oviparous" and "viviparous" varieties: those that lay eggs, and those that bring forth living young. In the strictest sense, the second classification is not quite correct. Even snakes born alive are covered by a membrane; but there is no placental attachment. Exactly speaking, the right term here is "ovoviviparous.") Well, at any rate: the eggs laid by oviparous snakes have a certain resemblance to birds' eggs. The shells, however, are leathery, rather than rigid and brittle. It is after the eggs have been laid that the extraordinary thing occurs. The eggs go right on growing. Between the time a snake-egg is deposited and the time the snakelet hatches forth, it often gets bigger by as much as a third.

PHRASE ORIGINS—67

HACK WORK: *A hackney is a horse of medium quality and size, used for ordinary riding, as distinct from a war horse or a more spirited animal. The name comes from an Old French word whose origin is unknown. Such horses were often hired out and were used for drudgery, for servile and common tasks. Both "hackney" and its shortened form "hack" were used, and the latter is still used to characterize a hireling, a person ready to do any menial task for pay, and usually low pay at that. Applied once to any type of artisan or professional like preachers, clerks, fiddlers and tutors, the word "hack" is used too often nowadays to belittle struggling writers. With wry humor Dr. Samuel Johnson described a lexicographer as "a harmless drudge that busies himself in tracing the original, and detailing the signification of words."*

MORRIS ROSENBLUM

W. G. SUMNER: THE FORGOTTEN MAN

BY MORTIMER SMITH

THE career of William Graham Sumner, one-time professor of political and social science in Yale university, is a study in the irony of fame, a vivid example of how changing *mores* in thinking (to use a word he made famous) can dethrone the intellectual heroes of yesterday. Fifty years ago Sumner was not only "Yale's greatest teacher," as President Seymour has described him; he was a giant figure who cast a long shadow over the American political, economic, and social thinking of his time; his trenchant pronouncements on affairs of the day were heard and pondered far beyond the classroom. In a period of widespread agitation for social change Sumner was the great champion of the *status quo*; he tried to prove that in view of the sweep of natural forces "it is the greatest folly of which a man can be capable, to sit down with a slate and pencil to plan out a new social world." In his own specialized field he was the author of a sociological treatise which has been

described justly as one of the dozen most influential American books of the past fifty years, one of those works which seem to have a sort of subterranean influence in that they are rarely quoted, but ideas are constantly cribbed from them.

Since his death in 1909 his influence has steadily diminished as his somewhat bleak and austere individualist philosophy has become intellectually unfashionable. There was a flurry of reviving interest when Franklin Roosevelt resurrected *The Forgotten Man* during his first Presidential campaign, although Sumner addicts had to point out hastily that the begetter of *The Forgotten Man*, if alive, would have denounced Mr. Roosevelt's candidate for the title as an arrant impostor. The Sumner addicts themselves have tried to keep his light shining; there is in existence a Sumner Club comprised of reverent disciples who compensate for their meagre numbers by a devotion almost fanatical in its intensity. This club, which has included such

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diverse members as Robert M. Hutchins, H. L. Mencken, William Lyon Phelps, Dwight Morrow, Isaiah Bowman, Wilbur L. Cross, and Paul Mellon, has done much to keep alive the work and spirit of Sumner even to the extent of issuing a "forgotten man's almanac," a calendar generously interspersed with nuggets of wisdom from the master.

Outside this inner circle, when Sumner is remembered at all he is apt to be spoken of as an articulate intellectual defender of reactionary conservatism, "a prime minister in the empire of plutocratic education," in the words of Upton Sinclair. With all due justice to the great vegetarian-mystic-socialist, such a judgment would seem to be a thoroughly inadequate and inaccurate summing-up. Sumner was not only a great pioneer of social science, the first real sociologist of his country and the last libertarian, as the late Thomas Beer remarked; he was also a keen and pungent student of the contemporary society in which he lived, and many of his ideas and opinions are as fresh and almost uncannily *apropos* today as they were during the height of his fame. Those ideas do not find a very receptive audience today, but fashions in popular thinking change; if the present faint suspicion among many liberals swells to greater proportions — the suspicion that the rampant

progress of collectivism and enlargement of State power in the past 25 years has not advanced us very far along the road to Utopia — Sumner may well become a prophet with honor in his own country.

II

Few of his students at Yale realized that Sumner, the original debunker, the scoffer at all high-sounding idealisms, was an ordained clergyman. After graduating from Yale he had studied abroad at Göttingen and Oxford; and, after a period as a tutor at his *alma mater*, he had become an Episcopalian minister, serving parishes in New York City and Morristown, N. J., until his election to a professorship at Yale in 1872. In later life he rarely referred to his early ministerial career, but it was obvious that such a coldly unrelenting scientific spirit, forever searching out concrete facts, would be uneasy in an ecclesiastical atmosphere. He once said he had taken zealously to theology as a young man but was now heaving that cargo overboard, and added: "keep cool and damn all metaphysics." His opposition to the abstract and to fancy generalities was often expressed in blunt terms. For the study of philosophy he had nothing but contempt and often enlivened Yale faculty meetings by fierce denunciations of the philosophy depart-

ment. At one meeting called to discuss the appointment of a new professor in this field, Sumner said: "Philosophy is in every way as bad as astrology. It is a complete fake, an anachronism. We might just as well have professors of alchemy or fortunetelling or palmistry."

Sumner's talents were immensely diversified and his energies expended in many directions, but before all else he was a teacher; and, unlike so many professors who achieve fame outside the classroom, he always felt his first obligation was to his students. Many Yale men, and certainly almost all his former students, would unhesitatingly support President Seymour's statement that he was the greatest teacher — not necessarily the greatest scholar — in the history of that institution. During the 37 years of his professorship students flocked to the courses given by "Old Bill," to be amply rewarded by the spectacle of an unforgettable personality. Powerful in body, with a "magnificent baldness," a coldly appraising eye, and a voice Van Wyck Brooks has described as resembling a howitzer in action, his teaching methods matched his rugged masculinity. He was an old fashioned disciplinarian who believed in "keeping school," as he said; there was no easy camaraderie between teacher and students but a stern and gruff insistence on status. He was dogmatic

and given to the precise, unequivocal statement, but his hearers sensed the breadth of authority behind the manner. It was well known that he was a fine Greek and Hebrew scholar, that he had an excellent knowledge of Italian, French, German, Russian, Danish, Swedish and Polish; that he was a capable historian and the author of authoritative biographies of Robert Morris, Alexander Hamilton and Andrew Jackson; that he was one of the country's foremost economists, and perhaps its greatest expert on currency and credit; in short, that he was possessed of immense learning and could afford to sound dogmatic.

American educational circles were already beginning, during the latter half of Sumner's teaching life, to concern themselves with that abnormal emphasis on method at the neglect of content which plagues so much of our educational theory today, but Sumner was not the man to subscribe to any fancy pedagogical notions. His effectiveness as a teacher consisted simply in vast learning allied with vivid personality. He assumed a certain maturity in his students, talked to them without condescension as if they were adults, and the intellectually fittest among them always survived. He considered that his principal function at Yale was to teach, and he was indifferent to the spectacular side of university life; for the last twenty years

of his life he absented himself from Commencement and similarly neglected football contests, although his brother-in-law was the famous coach, Walter Camp. His ignorance of the all-important world of campus athletics was illustrated on one occasion when he failed to recognize one of his students as Alonzo Stagg, at that time the athletic idol of the college.

Too gruffly honest for calculated manner, he made shocking or amusing statements in the classroom without pausing for gasps or laughs; not being there to entertain but to instruct, he droned, or rather barked on in his monotonous voice, indifferent to the effect he was producing on his young charges. That he did shock them, many of his students admitted in later years; the intellectual atmosphere of fifty years ago was charged with a respectability and conformity that made even Yale men stir a little uneasily when the professor calmly asserted that the great way to succeed in the pursuit of wealth in the United States was to organize a steal of some kind; that the protective tariff system was a device by which certain interests get control of legislation in order to tax their fellow-citizens for their own benefit; that chastity, decency, and modesty, though expedient, are taboos born in vanity, superstition, and primitive magic. And any young boy fresh from high school courses in

history was apt to have his romantic notions somewhat jarred when he listened to Sumner's debunking lecture on history in the course of which — as one of his students remembered later — he said that Ethan Allen undoubtedly did not shout: "Open, in the name of the Continental Congress and the great Jehovah," but probably said: "Open up here, you goddamned son of a bitch!"

Some of his terse advice to his classes has become famous. He told them they should apply three questions to every proposition: "Is it true? How do you know? What of it?" Said he: "Always dig out the major premise; you can get out of a major premise just what is put into it — no more and no less. If it's grand enough, like 'All men are created equal,' you can get anything out of it, and all false." On one occasion his succinct admonition to a graduating class was: "Gentlemen, get capital!" On another: "If you live in a country run by a committee, be sure to get on the committee."

In the beginning of his work at Yale Sumner taught principally what was then known as political economy but in later years he developed a course on the science of society which included the various branches of knowledge which now make up the subject of sociology. His lasting contribution in this field is his famous

Folkways, which is, to quote Beer again, "the first grand essay on the nature of human societies ever written by an American." Despite its comprehensive and truly masterly marshaling of facts in support of the idea of the relativity of all human customs or *mores*, the *Folkways* is far from easy reading. Sumner had a distaste for composition and this book was largely compiled under the pressure of advancing years when he felt his time was running out, but embedded in this massive rock of a book are many bright shining nuggets suggestive of the Sumner of his earlier essays. Speaking of the modern catchwords used deliberately in extending certain *mores*, Sumner says: "The tyranny is greatest in regard to 'American' and 'Americanism.' Who dare say that he is not 'American'? Who dare repudiate what is declared to be 'American'? It follows that if anything is base and bogus it is always labeled 'American.'" The faithful reader of *Folkways* will be rewarded by many such instances when the plodding scientist steps aside for the moment to permit the polemic moralist to take a hearty sideswipe at self-interest clothed in the garments of unctuous hypocrisy. It is a graceless, clumsy book and the method of "research" employed (a pretentious word which Sumner disliked) is now considered old-fashioned, but it is a landmark in sociological

investigation and theorizing from which Sumner's successors have borrowed much. At the time of his death he left a great mass of manuscript and sociological data for a projected textbook which was published some years ago under the editorship of A. G. Keller, his best known pupil, who is familiar to a later generation of Yale students as a brilliant successor to his master.

III

Sumner's value for our own day lies not in his teaching or his formal sociological writings; the first, of course, exists only for those fortunate enough to have sat under him, and the latter for the special student. This many-sided individual speaks to the present generation in his essays on those questions which agitated the eighties and nineties and now agitate the 1950's — essays written in a lean, hard prose with the arguments presented with the skill of a born pamphleteer. These deal with such subjects as the state, property, liberty, democracy, tariffs, strikes, depressions; they present the seasoned viewpoint of a man unmoved by fads of thought — and strangely enough for one who scoffed in his scientific writings at all ideas of ethical forces at work in history, they are animated by moralistic affirmation and fervor.

A cursory reading of the essays

should reveal that those who continue to speak of Sumner as a Tory reactionary have devised an ill-fitting label. To use historical terms precisely, he was a nineteenth century liberal and a libertarian; he advocated *laissez faire* (which he translated as "mind your own business," or "the doctrine of liberty") and contended that the State's function is properly only civil. He believed we can make some progress toward a sound and natural social order only through observation and study of forces — that is, a science of society; that in that way we gain by growth, but will never gain by following the plan of "some enthusiastic social architect." Perfect happiness or a perfect social order are out of the question, but "if the social doctors will mind their own business, we shall have no troubles but what belong to Nature." If there are ills inherent in nature we will endure what we cannot cure, but a vast number of ills have been inherited — "the complicated products of all the tinkering, muddling, and blundering of social doctors in the past." To Sumner each man has but one big duty: to take care of himself and his family. Only in this way does he fulfill his duty to society, never by considering and deciding what other people ought to do.

Sumner's point of view has often been described as a philosophical

justification for the actions of the robber barons of the Gilded Age, but such a description implies, it would seem, an inadequate understanding of his basic position. He maintained that if the State "enters as an agent into the industrial or social relations of its own subjects, it becomes the greatest and worst of all monopolies, the one best worth having under one's control, the best prize of base struggles, and the most powerful engine by which some men may exploit others." Holding to this viewpoint, his was not the *laissez faire* of the National Association of Manufacturers, for an inevitable tenet of his faith was that protecting or promoting business is not a function of government. As a consequence of this view he was an ardent free-trader and a bitter foe of the plutocracy of his day, which sought to use governmental influence in its favor. His tariff essays, and especially the trenchant *Protectionism, the Ism Which Teaches That Waste Makes Wealth*, make exciting reading even today and remain marvels of exposition. So does his anti-imperialist pamphlet *The Conquest of the United States by Spain*, described by the conservative New York *Sun* as "typical of the smart and shallow teaching with which that institution (Yale) has suffered him so long to pervert the intelligence of its students." It is recommended to anyone suspecting

Sumner of being an out-and-out Tory.

His most famous essay, of course, is *The Forgotten Man*, which he originally gave as a lecture in 1883 and later incorporated in somewhat different form in a long magazine article under the title *What Social Classes Owe to Each Other*. Mr. Roosevelt's misapplication of the title to the man "at the bottom of the economic pyramid" would have brought a characteristic fierce grunt from Sumner, for to him the forgotten man was the typical member of the middle class, "delving away in patient industry, supporting his family, paying his taxes, casting his vote, supporting the church and the school, reading his newspaper, and cheering for the politician of his admiration, but he is the only one for whom there is no provision in the great scramble and the big divide. . . . He works, he votes, generally he prays — but he always pays — yes, above all, he pays. . . ."

The essays show that Sumner was no stylist. His prose is dressed in homely garb; it has no decorative niceties, no adornments or purple finery; like the man himself, it is marked by a Yankee plainness and brevity designed to express an idea as succinctly and forcefully as possible. He had little humor and certainly no lightness, but sometimes he revealed a sober-sided and astringent wit, as when he referred to Matthew Arnold

as "the great apostle, if not the discoverer, of culture," or to Ruskin as "a whining old grandmother"; or when he described Upton Sinclair as operating upon the premise "that everybody ought to be happy, and that, if anybody is not so, those who stand near him are under obligations to make him so."

In the essays he is master of the terse, suggestive statement — "electric sparks," as Charles Beard has called them: "A drunkard in the gutter is just where he ought to be. Nature is working away at him to get him out of the way, just as she sets up her processes of dissolution to remove whatever is a failure in its line." "These Dutchmen of the East India Company, and a good many of our Pilgrim Fathers, prayed a lot and stole themselves rich." "If you want war, nourish a doctrine." "The type and formula of most schemes of philanthropy or humanitarianism is this: A and B put their heads together to decide what C shall be made to do for D."

IV

Being an intransigent independent, Sumner was bound to step on all kinds of toes, and to be denounced by all schools of thought. He has been "exposed" as a defender of capitalism (which he most certainly was), and it has been pointed out, with proper

ominous overtones, that two of his most fervent admirers have been Morgan partners. On the other hand, wealthy pillars of Yale made more than one attempt to oust him from the college as a subversive influence. He never showed any deference to individuals of this sort; as he said, he never refused to take up the cudgels against any persons "because they are 'great' men, or because they are 'old' men, or because they have stock in certain newspapers, or are trustees of certain colleges." Wherever he detected error he smote it regardless of whose skull might get in the way. Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale during Sumner's time, remarked plaintively that Sumner always told the truth "butt-end first." The evidence supports Sumner's own boast that "I have never cast a vote for expediency in my life."

On the personal side, Sumner's growling manner and his unwillingness to suffer fools gladly gave him the reputation of being an old crank, not only among the students but among faculty members. There was something about that large figure, always immaculately dressed, the set of his jaw and his unsmiling eyes, that made him seem a natural antagonist, especially terrifying when he was dealing with the sentimental or the pompous. But Professor Keller's delightful vignette, *Reminiscences*

(*Mostly Personal*) of William Graham Sumner, shows that the man had a certain crusty charm; he was an aloof and rather fastidious gentleman of the old school who detested "gush," but his gruff manner could not mask from his few intimates an underlying warmth of feeling and generosity. And there was something rather appealing, almost pathetically charming, about the coldly scientific manner in which he pursued subjects which were distasteful to his essentially conventional and puritanical mind. He did not enjoy his investigations of the sex *mores* (he bound books in his library dealing with the subject in plain covers so the maid would not discover them) but he proceeded relentlessly in his researches, bent on discovering truth no matter how unpleasant it might be personally.

As evidence of his ingrained puritanism, he thought some contemporary novels were unfit for undergraduate consumption, and was convinced that a play like Aristophanes' *Lysistrata* could not be presented on any modern stage; yet within fifteen years after his death it was performed in New York (only slightly expurgated) without noticeably shocking anybody, the *mores* having changed a good deal faster than he calculated. In his attitude towards women he was chivalrous but Victorian; one can't escape the

feeling that the professor was himself caught up in the folkway which dictated that woman's place is in the home. In any case, he didn't think her place was in his classroom and was uneasy when females did occasionally show up. It is easy to believe that his view here coincided with that of Stephen Leacock who once said he was content to note that men and women are different without raising the question of which is superior, "though I think, the Lord help me, I know the answer to that too."

v

Sumner, being human, was not an infallible guide in all things. Mr. Beard has spoken of his "pontifical economics," and has also complained with some justice of the oracular character of many of his utterances, referring chiefly to the essays where Sumner is given to sweeping generalization and dogmatic statement. While he was perhaps the ablest analyst of power-in-the-State of his time, his position was somewhat weakened by his seeming unawareness of the evil of power *per se*, for while he recognized the menace of power in government he seemed able to face with equanimity the concentration of wealth in the hands of large corporations or individuals.

In his narrower rôle of social scien-

tist his materialistic bias is often ponderous and even unscientific; in cavalierly dismissing the imponderables, in refusing to take seriously those things which can't be measured, Sumner struck a note which has been echoed in the work of most social scientists since his time. It should be added, however, that his over-all view of society was too pessimistic, and his faith in the ability of individuals to change the *mores* too small, for him to accept, were he alive today, the current notion that all our problems, individual and social, can be solved by the scientific method.

Sumner had an idealistic side (although he would certainly have scoffed at the term) and it is the ultimate implications of his preachings here which have a great and direct meaning for our time. What he stood for primarily was freedom, and he did not divide it, as Sir William Beveridge and other of our leading contemporary collectivists do, into essential and non-essential freedoms, the latter being those freedoms the State does not choose to recognize. He had no sentimental affection for the mass-man but he believed that the good man, the good citizen, can only emerge when all men are allowed the widest possible area in which to function without restraint. He saw the necessity of social coöperation, but from his viewpoint only voluntary

coöperation can be a dynamic element in race survival. In a period when collectivism is on the march, when the historical idea of the omniscience of the State is again being advanced and compulsory coöperation finds its myriad advocates, perhaps nothing could be more salutary in our own country than the re-emergence of the massive figure of this great libertarian.

In any case, Sumner is worth re-reading and reconsidering today. While we can no more agree *in toto* with his pronouncements than did the students of his day, we will find him, as did they, a great tonic force, an intellectual needler, a seeker after truth who brought Yankee common sense and directness to bear on the discussion of large social and economic problems of our time.

HICKORY AND HONEYSUCKLE

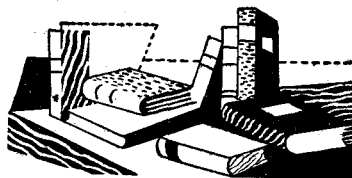
BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

There's a fable in my garden
Sometimes helps my heart to harden,
Where a stripling hickory tree
Straight as any growth may be
Was embraced in deadly twine
By a honeysuckle vine.

Hickory its hope pursued,
Every spring the fight renewed,
But the suffocating sweetness
Every spring with more completeness
Winds a tourniquet entangled.
Hickory will soon be strangled,
Now begins to fade and buckle —
Victory for honeysuckle.

Many years I watched the pair,
Mutually murderous there.
What's the moral *you* would draw
From the struggle that I saw?
Tell me not! A studying man
Keeps Nature's secrets, if he can.

THE LIBRARY



FROM A LITERARY NOTEBOOK

by CHARLES ANGOFF

Epigrams. It seems to be a rule that the greater the writer the fewer epigrams are to be found in his works. Edgar Saltus and Oscar Wilde dazzle with pithy, caustic remarks, while Tolstoy and Thomas Hardy have so few that hardly anyone quotes them. Shakespeare is an exception, but, then, he is an exception to all rules.

* * *

Horrible Thought. There has been discussion throughout the years concerning the abiding mystery of woman. Perhaps there is no mystery. Perhaps the women in the fiction pages of the mass circulation magazines reflect all there is to know about most women, and the mystery of women is largely the product of the romantic imagination of men.

* * *

Marriage. Apparently no fiction writer has noticed this puzzling fact: when a bachelor, along in years, fi-

nally gets married, he finds that his married women friends resent it, while his unmarried women friends become more friendly.

* * *

Hemingway as Stylist. When people talk about Hemingway they talk more about his style than about his characters. Herein lies the severest comment upon him, for in all literary history no fiction writer who has had chiefly his style to commend him has long endured. The Hemingway character who is most often mentioned is Catherine Barkley of *A Farewell to Arms*, but she is more an adolescent's dream of the ideal girl to sleep with than a real, breathing woman, with moods and regrets, tantrums and exhilarations, passions and neurotic silences.

Hemingway's bare, hard style amounts to the negation of style. If style reflects a mode of thinking about situations and of reacting to emotions, one's own as well as other people's, then Hemingway, one is forced to say, is deficient both in thought and emo-

tion. Hemingway seems to believe that the bare facts of a human situation tell their own story far better than any conscious literary artist can. The truth is that the bare facts of any human situation do not tell their own story or reveal anything else of genuine human interest. Whatever story there is in the facts is almost entirely the reaction of the beholder, the artist. His reactions must be instilled into the facts to give them artistic meaning.

* * *

Hemingway and Character Portrayal.

Hemingway's apparent total inability to portray a woman is well known. His inability to portray a man is almost as flagrant. Lieutenant Henry, of *A Farewell to Arms*, hasn't the vitality even of Babbitt. He moves across the pages of the novel either like an automaton or an animal in heat. Indeed, Hemingway, on the whole, hardly seems to be dealing with human beings at all, but with residents of a zoo, whose inhabitants have been taught to talk in monosyllables and grunts.

* * *

Sinclair Lewis. Lewis made his reputation with *Main Street* and *Babbitt*. Neither book can be read with complete satisfaction now; they are caricatures rather than true portrayals; they are, to a great extent, written with malice rather than with sympathetic

understanding; and they lack abiding pity. Lewis's one book that seems to have the stuff of endurance in it is *Dodsworth*. That is strange, indeed, for *Dodsworth* is mostly done in a non-Lewis manner. It is a quiet, traditional book about a quiet American couple, where the wife makes a fool of herself and then learns that her only comfort is by the side of her husband. A simple tale, honestly told. It might almost have been written by Edith Wharton — or the early Willa Cather. Both Fran and Sam Dodsworth live in the memory. They are completely believable human beings, done with affection and charity. They seem to take on more depth with every reading. When fictional characters do that they are here to stay.

* * *

Women as Heroines. How many "good" women have served as heroines in great works of fiction? Becky Sharp, Mildred (in *Of Human Bondage*), Anna Karenina, Hester Prynne, Esther Waters, Madame Bovary, Molly Bloom, Esther Jack — all "bad," from the point of view of traditional morality. Why do writers so seldom take the trouble to sing the virtues of "good" women? Is it because the devil sings the sweetest tunes?

* * *

Totalitarianism and Literature. Autocracy is not necessarily the enemy

of literature. The autocracy of the Czars did not prevent the emergence and flowering of Tolstoy, Dostoevsky, Turgenev, Gogol, Gorki, and Chekhov. The despotism of the German kings and emperors did not do much harm to the writings of Goethe, Hauptmann, Sudermann, and Heine. But under Communism and Nazism not one truly great work has been produced. The autocracies of old apparently left enough general human dignity intact to nourish gifted individuals, and some of the autocrats themselves were patrons of letters. Totalitarianism, however, destroys all human dignity and thus turns a nation into a cultural wasteland.

* * *

Literary Asthma. Our supply of good short stories far outruns our supply of good novels. When attempting a novel, many of our writers appear to lose wind around page fifty. Willa Cather was at her best in her stories — “A Wagner Matinee,” “Coming, Aphrodite,” “Paul’s Case,” come to mind at once. *A Lost Lady* and *My Mortal Enemy*, both very good, are really longish stories. Dreiser’s *Twelve Men*, a collection of short stories, stands up far better than *Jennie Gerhardt*, *Sister Carrie*, and *An American Tragedy*. Edith Wharton’s long stories about New York and such tales as “The Other Two” and “Xingu” seem more compact and more meaningful

than her prose works in the larger form. Melville? To at least one reader there is more abiding pleasure in *The Piazza Tales* than even in *Moby Dick*. If Hemingway lives at all, it will be for some of the stories in *In Our Time* and *Men Without Women*. Faulkner’s novels, especially the later ones, are unreadable despite all the imaginary profundities the obscurantist critics see in them. The Faulkner who has stature is the one who wrote such magnificent stories as “That Evening Sun Go Down” and “Hair.” Fitzgerald? *The Great Gatsby* is good, of course, but Fitzgerald never did another novel nearly as good, while he did many short stories that seem destined for a very long life. “Crazy Sunday” and “Absolution” alone would seem to guarantee him an audience for many, many years to come.

Not only in the realm of prose fiction do our writers seem to suffer from short wind, but also in the realm of the drama. Is it heresy to say that O’Neill’s early one-acters will, in years to come, probably prove more satisfying than his longer works? Isn’t *Waiting For Lefty* the best work of Odets? Isn’t *Bury the Dead* Irwin Shaw’s only good play?

* * *

Mother. The psychologists and psychiatrists tell us that as a nation we suffer from what they call *momism*, by which they apparently mean an

unhealthy dependence upon one's mother and her precepts for guidance throughout one's life. Mother is the oracle to many men, women, and adolescents. She is too much in our minds and in our hearts, and this stunts our mental and emotional growth. She is extravagantly loved and bitterly hated. Why, then, does she play so small a part in our literature? The only mother of major fictional size in all reputable American literature who comes to mind at once is Eliza Gant in *Look Homeward, Angel*. The mother in *Grapes of Wrath* is less a heroine than an editorial by Steinbeck.

* * *

Fictional Biography. This is not the bastard art form that some critics claim. "Factual" biography is an illusion. All biography, like all history, has a large fictional element. The "unity" in orthodox biographies and histories is imposed by the writers; so are the gradations of importance of events; so are major influences, both upon and by situations under consideration; so is the final judgment on an individual or an era. These are not "facts" in themselves, however much they may appear to be based on facts. They are the colored glasses of a point of view, and therefore just as "fictional" as an imaginary conversation or midnight dream. What makes most fictional biographies so feeble

is not their "fictional" character, but their inferior fictioneering. That, at bottom, is why Mrs. Catherine Drinker Bowen's lives of Justice Holmes and John Adams are superior to Howard Fast's lives of Thomas Paine and George Washington.

* * *

Creative Women Writers. England has had its Jane Austen, the Brontë sisters, Christina Rossetti, Elizabeth Barrett, George Eliot, Virginia Woolf, Edith Sitwell, and Elizabeth Bowen. France has had its Madame de Staël, George Sand and Colette. At the moment no major German woman writer comes to mind, and no major Italian woman writer, and no major Russian woman writer. The United States? The number of important women writers we have produced is truly amazing. Emily Dickinson, Helen Hunt Jackson, Ellen Glasgow, Willa Cather, Edith Wharton, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Amy Lowell, Margaret Fuller, Dorothy Parker, Elinor Wylie, Katherine Anne Porter, Elizabeth Madox Roberts—these are only some of the names that occur. It would seem that the English and American languages have a greater attraction for creative women literary artists than have several of the other world languages. This is puzzling, especially when set beside the fact that for men writers the language difference is not so significant.

THE CHECK LIST



BIOGRAPHY

ROOSEVELT IN RETROSPECT, *A Profile in History*, by John Gunther. \$3.75. *Harper*. As a work of insight this book has no value. Mr. Gunther reveals only a superficial understanding of FDR and his times, and writes about the whole era like a moon-struck girl: "Roosevelt was a man of his times, and what times they were! — chaotic, catastrophic, revolutionary, epochal — he was President during the greatest emergency in the history of mankind, and he never let history — or mankind — down." But the book is filled with many interesting sidelights about FDR — what he thought about women, what his favorite drink was, how he managed a Cabinet meeting, how he wrote his speeches, what he thought about fishing as a hobby, the important part Fala played in his life, how he and Mrs. FDR really got along, and how he loathed the newly rich.

D. H. LAWRENCE. *Portrait of a Genius But . . .*, by Richard Aldington. \$3.75. *Duell, Sloan and Pearce*. Another profile of Lawrence by one of his many friends, and probably the best of them all so far.

Mr. Aldington attempts little criticism of Lawrence's works — though the little he has to say about them is sensible. He is chiefly interested in the man behind the works, or, rather, the sort of man who wrote the sort of books he did write. He points out that Lawrence was essentially a poet (his novels and criticism were really forms of poetry), that he was a Puritan despite his emphasis upon the importance of whole physical union between man and woman, that he was inconsistent and selfish and cruel and kind and tender, and that he was very shabbily treated by many editors and publishers. These facts have been known for some time, but Mr. Aldington supplies new details and, what is more important, a fresh tenderness of approach. There are several good photographs.

CAPTAIN SAM GRANT, by Lloyd Lewis. \$6.00. *Little, Brown*. This is the first of a projected three- or four-volume biography of the Civil War general which the late Lloyd Lewis planned to write. A man who probably knew more about the Civil War than any other American of his day, Mr. Lewis had looked forward to his labors upon Grant as his master-

piece, and the present volume is ample evidence that he would have written the definitive life of our most fascinating military man. Mr. Lewis here deals with Grant's parents, his boyhood and early manhood, his dreary years in Ohio and California after his graduation from West Point, and his final self-discovery in 1861, when he re-entered the army "to tender my services, until the close of the war in such capacity as may be offered." The book is rich with history — with anecdotes, with precious and magnificent detail, and with vast human understanding. Captain Sam Grant comes out of it a shy, luckless, warm, dutiful, loving man — who drank only on occasion and out of loneliness for his family.

IN SEARCH, by Meyer Levin. *Horizon*. \$3.75. This is Mr. Levin's psychograph of himself — of his early days in Chicago, of his later days in Europe and in Israel, of his trials and successes as a novelist, and his long search for a place for himself as a Jew in American cultural life and in the entire world scheme of things. The book is somewhat overwritten and on occasion is lacking in humor, but on the whole it is extremely moving, filled with vast honesty, and has large documentary value for the understanding of these times.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

THE LEFT WING IN SOUTHEAST ASIA, by Virginia Thompson and Richard Adloff. \$4.00. *Sloane*. The authors have undertaken a survey of the left-wing movement in Indonesia, Burma,

Malaya, Indo-China and Thailand, where the Communists are the "strongest and most aggressive" of the region's leftist parties. The authors stress, however, that radical parties must be able to swim with the fierce nationalistic tide — a fact that militates against Moscow-controlled Communists and helps explain why Southeast Asia is probably the only area of the world where Trotskyism is a serious political force. The Communists' identification with the generally unpopular Chinese also hurts their cause. The lessons for American Far Eastern policy-planners should be obvious.

THE DEADLY PARALLEL: *Stalin and Ivan the Terrible*, by George Backer. \$3.50. *Random House*. Mr. Backer, a former New York City Councilman and editor of the *New York Post*, contends that Soviet Russia's worldwide aims can only be understood in the light of Soviet historical science, specifically the official attitude toward Czar Ivan the Terrible. In its glorification of Ivan — his ruthless purges, despotic rule and expansionist policies — he feels the Kremlin lays bare its plans for world domination and its unfastidious methods of realizing them. But Lenin was no less bent on world mastery than Stalin, yet Ivan was denounced as a tyrannical enemy of the people in Lenin's time. By overemphasizing the nationalistic aspects of Soviet expansion, the book tends to obscure the terrific ideological dynamism which makes Communism so formidable. It is, nevertheless, an interesting, well-documented and rather thought-provoking interpretation.

HISTORY

THEY CAME IN CHAINS, by J. Saunders Redding. \$3.50. *Lippincott*. Here at last is an energetic and positive historical interpretation of the American Negro, written with factual candor and emotional insight. Mr. Redding wallops the myth of the "docile, patient Negro" by showing that "the Negro was restive, dangerous, murderous under slavery"; that murder, arson, rebellion, sabotage, the whole psychology of evasiveness and feigned illness (which is at the bottom of the Negro's alleged shiftlessness) were common weapons in his struggle for freedom, as well as suicide and infanticide. He singles out Harriet Tubman, Frederick Douglass, W. E. B. DuBois and others for interpretive commendation, and takes a healthy historical dig at the timid Booker T. Washington. The book is developed with a careful understanding of the white man's motivation, economic and psychological, in repressing the Negro; it is scholarly but lively, selectively thorough, and particularly valuable because of the heavy emphasis on the Negro's gradual development of self-reliance in the face of the fundamental indignity of second-class citizenship.

CRUSADERS FOR AMERICAN LIBERALISM, by Louis Filler. \$4.00. *Antioch*. This is a reissue, with a new introduction, of a work first published in 1939. It deals with the muckraking era in the first decades of the twentieth century, one of the most colorful and, in the long view, most revolutionary eras in

our annals thus far. It was the era of Lincoln Steffens, S. S. McClure, Upton Sinclair and Theodore Roosevelt, each of whom helped greatly to make the democracy of Jackson and Jefferson a vital thing in the everyday life of the people. Mr. Filler deals with all of them, and their period, with great learning and intelligence. A sound and solid book that will long endure.

MISCELLANEOUS

THE LOUD LITERARY LAMAS OF NEW YORK, by Jack Woodford. \$2.50. *Vantage Press, New York*. Mr. Woodford's chief gripe this time — as it has been for many years — is that New York editors, critics, and publishers are the enemies of American literature. He says, "All you have to do is be an editor for a day to understand why our national literature smells around the world. The American editor is the explanation." He urges all authors to publish their own works. He frankly calls himself a "sex writer," and says that he "deliberately planned everything I ever wrote absolutely after the *Satyricon*, instead of taking the advice of editors." A sample of Mr. Woodford's critical judgment: "H. Allen Smith . . . the greatest American humorist since Mark Twain." In short, another cheap and shabby and loud book by a man who for years has been trying to win a modicum of critical acclaim for his "works," but in vain.

POETRY PACKAGE, by W. R. B. and C. M. \$1.00. *Greenfield*. This is an odd and charming book by two eminent

poets, one of them, alas, now no more. The poems are not individually signed, and, in all truth, it is not always easy to tell which is by the late Mr. Benét and which is by the very much alive Mr. Morley. The poems are about the usual things poets write about: girls, the sun, cats, trees, the city, the country, other poets, love, death, children. Some are serious, as the saying goes, some are light, but all are immensely readable, and the entire volume is well worth having by the easy chair. There is a lively brief introduction by one who signs himself "Cuckoo," who clearly knows a thing or two about literary history, and, in particular, poetry.

AMUSING QUOTATIONS FOR DOCTORS AND PATIENTS, edited by Noah D. Fabricant. \$3.00. *Grune & Stratton*. The quotations here are arranged alphabetically under such headings as adult, drugs, the eyes, experts, fever, the female, gout, rest, the sexes, and youth. The book makes informative, amusing and, at times, sobering reading. Here are some sample quotations: "Middle age is the time when a man is always thinking that in a week or two he will feel as good as ever" (Don Marquis); "Man should go out of this world as he came in — chiefly on milk" (William Osler); "Doctors will have more lives to answer for in the next world than even we generals" (Napoleon); "The best doctor is the one you run for and cannot find" (Denis Diderot); "After 35 a man begins to have thoughts about women; before that age he has feelings" (Austin O'Malley); and "God may forgive you

your sins, but your nervous system won't" (Alfred Korzybski).

THE IMMORTAL LOVERS, *Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning*, by Frances Winwar. \$4.00. *Harper*. The famous Barrett-Browning romance is described by Miss Winwar as "love at its purest, noblest, most human and civilized." She traces, with gossipy charm, the "spiritual virginity" of the lovers' pre-marital lives and the "immortality" of their courtship; then, in less than a hundred pages, she skims through their idyllic if mortal marriage. The book ends with a vigorous defense of widower Browning's faithfulness, which Miss Winwar seems to regard as the final evidence of eternal love. She deals most intelligently with the feudal household of the semi-villainous Mr. Barrett, but her approach to the great love affair is seldom above the level of girlish adulation. The book is also chock-full of "intimate glimpses," none of which are very intimate.

FICTION

TWO ADOLESCENTS, by Alberto Moravia. \$2.75. *Farrar, Straus*. Two short novellas, *Agostino* and *Luca*, by one of the finest writers among the current crop of Italian novelists. Alberto Moravia deals first with Agostino, whose idealized love for his lovely widowed mother is gradually undermined when the pampered boy is faced with a rival suitor; he falls in with a gang of young hoodlums, who quickly initiate him into some of the more vulgar realities, and some of the manlier possibilities, of life. In the second

portrait, more sensitively subjective, the frustrated young Luca attempts to deny each of the small pleasures in his life through negative will-power; he gradually reaches a state of feverish neuroticism, but embraces the world through the sexual maternalism of his dowdy nurse. Both stories are written with quiet, careful narrative power, and each is distinguished by the author's rich insight into the awkward emotional sorties of earliest manhood. He shows the strength and versatility of a major novelist. The translations are by Beryl de Zoete and Angus Davidson.

THE SHORT CUT, by Ennio Flaiano. \$3.00. *Pellegrini & Cudahy*. An ably written existentialist novel about Italian guilt, personal and perhaps national, in Ethiopia. The narrator, an Italian officer in quest of a dentist, inadvertently kills the native girl he met and loved in the African bush country; for the rest of the novel he wanders in and out of camp, village and valley in an attempt to absolve himself. He befriends and betrays two fellow officers, contracts a hypothetical case of leprosy, but is eventually redeemed and cured through a strange friendship with the girl's father and brother. The African setting is a dusty, ageless purgatory in which this problem in compassion and responsibility is explored with a great deal of dramatic power; but Flaiano has unfortunately tied his melancholy book into a neat, flippant bundle in the final chapter, which spoils what might have been a minor classic of its kind. The translation is by Stuart Hood.

THE DIPLOMAT, by James Aldridge. \$3.75. *Little, Brown*. A fine political novel, which hurtles along briskly on the Moscow-Iran-London circuit. Mr. Aldridge has set MacGregor, the stiff, honest micro-paleontologist, against bold Lord Essex, the British diplomat who thinks in terms of Empire. Their common ground is Iran, and the blunt theme of the book is the duplicity of Socialist England, dabbling in oil at the expense of native integrity. The supporting cast includes Molotov, Stalin, the tribesmen of Iran, and the usual lady catalyst, all of them drawn with liveliness and depth.

WILD CONQUEST, by Peter Abrahams. \$3.00. *Harper*. On December 1, 1834, the English freed the slaves in South Africa, and the great Boer trek to the north began, since the Dutch settlers, most of them slave-holding farmers, refused to uphold the decision. Mr. Abrahams writes an ambitious and occasionally naïve novel about this trek, its hardening, de-humanizing effect upon the stubborn Boers, and the resultant destruction of the great Matabele kingdom they invaded. He gives vivid descriptions of the inevitable slaughter, arson, rape and racial strife which marked that turbulent period, and he is especially well-versed in the customs of the Matabele — their warrior code, their highly developed militarism, their violent belief in witchcraft. Perhaps his emphasis on their budding humanism is far-fetched — one Matabele couple is allowed to discover the delights of monogamy — but the total effect is an exciting, if melodramatic clash between two great cultures.

SCIENCE

WORLDS IN COLLISION, by Immanuel Velikovsky. \$4.50. *Macmillan*. The central thesis of this book is a stupendous one; namely, that cosmic upheavals involving the death and creation of planets have taken place at least twice — 34 and 26 centuries ago — and that these upheavals have produced changes in the calendar, shifted the polar regions of the globe, and presented the religions of the world with “a common astral origin.” Dr. Velikovsky, who seems to be a veritable encyclopedia of learning, draws upon all the sciences and arts, folklore and legends, to buttress his thesis. All a mere lay reader can say is that his book is either super-epochal in importance, or it is a monstrous hoax.

THE MEANING OF ANXIETY, by Rollo May. \$4.50. *Ronald*. This apparently is the most comprehensive study, in the English language, of all the theories of anxiety. While it seems to be addressed chiefly to psychiatrists, psychoanalysts, and general physicians, several sections (especially the case histories) can be read with interest by the layman. The book is heavily documented with footnotes and a selective bibliography. Dr. May is an associate in university seminars at Columbia.

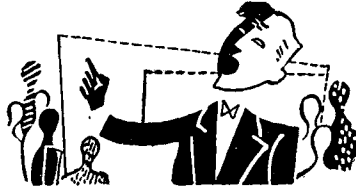
MUSIC

THE OTHER CASANOVA, by Paul Nettl. \$3.75. *Philosophical Library*. Author Nettl uses Casanova as a vehicle for hopping from one European culture

center to the next, exploring the Italian opera, the French ballet and the Spanish *rebaltade* with equal gusto. His lively account of eighteenth century music, manners and morals is often excellent, but it generally has little or nothing to do with the “other Casanova,” the erotic music-lover who hobnobbed with a wide variety of artists, singers and dancers. The book seems aimed instead at a specialized audience of highly informed patrons of music. The last 75 pages are cluttered up with an abortive attempt to connect Casanova with Mozart’s *Don Giovanni*, through the librettist Da Ponte.

MUSIC IN THE NATION, by B. H. Haggin. \$5.00. *Sloane*. This is a collection of Mr. Haggin’s reviews of musical concerts and books during the past twenty years. His attitude toward musical works is that of a belligerent, bright adolescent. Like many other people he doesn’t like very much of modern music, but instead of pointing out its hollowness in a quiet manner, he blurts out, “Excessive tolerance has enabled some [modern composers] to get away with murder.” Of a batch of musical books, he says, “I regret the time it is taking me to write what I have to say about them.” And he begins a discussion of one of Stokowski’s books by saying that he will not discuss it, because “After 25 years’ observation of the Stokowski performance in action and word I cannot bring myself even to read it.” Instead, he quotes from a review of the book in the *New York Times*. The writing throughout is bombastic and verbose. Mr. Haggin has been music critic of the *Nation* since 1939.

THE OPEN FORUM



THE DEBATE ON HOMEOPATHY

SIR: In his presentation of the orthodox "Case Against Homeopathy" [in the June *MERCURY*], Dr. Laurence Farmer restated most of the perennial clichés, but omitted one of the commonest, to our disappointment. We herewith bequeath it to him cheerfully: "There's one thing you can say for homeopathy — it has done less damage than any other medical system."

Critics of homeopathy within the medical profession have generally fallen into two groups, those who base their judgment on a casual reading of some literature without having practiced or experienced homeopathic treatment, and those who, like Constantine Hering and Gourbeyre, experimented with homeopathy in order to refute it and in this educational process ironically became ardent supporters. Hering later introduced homeopathy to America and founded what is now Hahnemann Medical college in Philadelphia. August Bier, the famous Berlin surgeon, investigated homeopathy thoroughly and became one of its strongest advocates, as Gourbeyre, who was at first a violent opponent.

As a member of the first class, Dr. Farmer, without clinical or laboratory evidence, ridicules homeopathy. The theory is wrong, he dogmatizes; hence the therapy *ought* not to work. Thus, he did make one solid point: homeopathic principles and techniques are not orthodox to the orthodox today, a fact which we freely admit. The complex homeopathic drug pictures, that "medley" with which Dr. Farmer has so much fun, are admittedly not easy to comprehend. Their use is a skill which takes years to master. But they are ridiculous only to those who have never studied them carefully in relation to many patients and seen the results of prescribing according to the rule of similars. This practical emphasis on subjective symptoms is beyond the horizon of present day medicine. The varied responses of different personality types to a given drug or disease are overlooked or ignored. But some day these factors may play an important part in psychosomatic medicine.

The homeopathic physician, who is always a fully qualified M.D., makes just as thorough and conventional a diagnosis

as his colleagues, and with the same equipment. But he adds to this a keen observation of the diseased individual and his characteristic symptoms and reactions. He deals with the whole individual, not with single symptoms, organs, functions or classified diseases as the average physician does. Of what use is diagnosis if it does not lead to a specific therapy? Regular medicine recognizes more than thirty types of pneumonia. Homeopathy recognizes as many kinds as there are patients.

Dr. Farmer finds it hard to believe that Hahnemann properly diagnosed malaria-like symptoms in himself when he "proved" quinine in his healthy body during the first critical homeopathic experiment. Yet Hahnemann was an experienced physician, and since his time numerous examples of quinine fever simulating malaria have appeared in medical literature. Dr. Gutman has collected and published this material. In fact, none of Hahnemann's followers has had to recede from his basic tenets. Practical experience has proved most of them correct again and again. The older physicians were not less wise than we are because they happen to be dead.

Our case history of a middle ear inflammation was intended to illustrate the procedure of homeopathic prescribing. Since Dr. Farmer doubts that the drugs used (*pulsatilla* and *silica*) were effective in healing the little girl, here is another one of many more. Same disease, same hospital; but a different patient and a different drug. A seven-year-old boy was admitted whose left ear had been running for several weeks with no re-

sponse to the usual treatment. So extremely profuse was the discharge that it hung in yellow strings and the nurse could not keep the ear clean. A single dose of *kali bichromicum* was given in high potency. The next day the ear was dry, and after three days there was no discharge whatsoever. After two weeks observation, the child was discharged.

This seems a clear-cut case of success, but minute dosage bothers Dr. Farmer even today when the virtues of minuteness are not as hard to accept for big-thinking Americans. We are medicating with minute, invisible rays of radium, X-rays and radioactive isotopes. We are using Vitamin B₁₂ in quantities that rival homeopathic potencies, and equally small dosages are employed in the treatment of allergies. Heubner, a noted pharmacologist, showed that camphor influences the heart of a guinea pig in dilutions corresponding to 0.000000000-00001. The great German chemist, Traube, concluded:

"I am certain that minimal doses of drugs, for physicochemical reasons, often have maximal effects, and that these effects in numberless cases are antagonistic to those produced by larger doses. Moreover, it is clear that the efficacy of a drug depends not on its mass but on its degree of dispersion."

The problem of *whether* infinitesimal doses work is not really in the realm of argument any more. The question of *why* and *how* they work still is. But a medical school which as yet does not understand the biochemical action of sulfa, penicillin or even aspirin is hardly in a position to laugh off the various

theories by which homeopathy has sought to explain the action of its drugs. Both orthodoxy and homeopathy are partly empirical and probably always will be. Both work; both have a genuine place in medicine. Let's leave it at that.

We do not deny of course that regular medicine also has many achievements to its credit. But one does not automatically condemn another system of medicine by writing eulogies of one's own system. The homeopathic physician, being an M.D., knows and uses the recent advances, according to his judgment of their value. In addition, he has his own knowledge of a vast field of drugs and their action, a knowledge which has expanded greatly since Hahnemann's death, despite the antipathy of official medicine. And if Dr. Farmer believes that homeopathy is strongest in India because that is "the home of mysticism and obscurantism," how does he explain that the Western nation in which homeopathy is today spreading fastest and winning the most converts from official medicine is France, the traditional home of logic and clear, skeptical thought? Homeopathy has never "collapsed," but has receded only because of lack of sufficient facilities for instruction.

JAMES FULLER AND
WILLIAM GUTMAN, M.D.

New York City

SIR: I was not so presumptuous as to expect that my presentation would convince Mr. Fuller and Dr. Gutman of the fallacies of homeopathy. I did not, however, expect that Mr. Fuller and Dr. Gutman would label as "perennial

clichés" the criticisms of those physicians who — and I can assure you that ever since Hahnemann's days they have comprised the vast majority of the medical profession — reject his system. Although a debate on this level is fruitless, I thank you for the opportunity of answering their rebuttal as I am convinced of the need for correcting some of the statements and implications contained therein.

One: In view of the fact that there were formerly as many as 21 homeopathic medical schools in this country it is hard to understand the statement that "homeopathy has receded only because of lack of sufficient facilities for instruction." That today we have no homeopathic schools in the United States should give Mr. Fuller and Dr. Gutman food for some soul-searching.

Two: It is astonishing to hear that "none of Hahnemann's followers has had to recede from his basic tenets." May I, in this connection, again refer to Hahnemann's [adverse] views concerning those of his disciples who also follow the orthodox school of medicine? According to Mr. Fuller and Dr. Gutman, *all* homeopathic physicians in this country do.

Three: Mr. Fuller and Dr. Gutman make the statement that both "orthodoxy" and homeopathy "... have a genuine place in medicine." In rejecting this view I am as uncompromising as Hahnemann himself. "Regular" medicine and homeopathy cannot exist side by side. And it is further my considered opinion that there is *no* place for homeopathy.

Four: I was not unfamiliar with "one

of the commonest" of the "perennial clichés" so "cheerfully" bequeathed to me by Mr. Fuller and Dr. Gutman. I do not feel at all "cheerful" about the statement that homeopathy "... has done less damage than any other medical system." I am convinced that homeopathy has done, and still is doing, immeasurable damage. It is indefensible for a "system" to advocate, for instance, the use of belladonna rather than of antiserum in the treatment of diphtheria. Homeopathic texts contain many more such examples.

Five: That "the homeopathic physician, being an M.D., knows and uses the recent advances, according to his judgment of their value," makes homeopathy not less dangerous. If my homeopathic colleagues were to adhere only to the "recent advances" (which incidentally, are *all* those of "orthodoxy") there would be no "Case against Homeopathy."

LAURENCE FARMER, M.D.

New York City

SIR: I make no defense of homeopathy, but I want to comment upon Farmer's case against homeopathy. He points out that healing is "not infrequently observed where neither homeopathy nor orthodox medicine has been employed. People do get well, sometimes without any medical interference."

Let us state more correctly what he says: *People do get well, often even in spite of "medical" interference.* Most patients recovered in the days when "medicine," as described by Farmer, "was primitive, crude, ineffectual. Surgery was little better than butchery; excessive blood-

letting, drastic purging and profuse sweating were relatively mild therapeutic measures." They got well then as they do now; by virtue of their own inherent power of self-healing. *All systems of so-called healing ride to glory on the self-healing power of the body.*

If allopathic medicine appears to be more successful now than it was at the end of the eighteenth century, this is not because it is "curing" more patients, but because it is killing fewer. Today, thanks to the open rebellion of the people and to the dogged opposition of the other schools of so-called healing, allopathy no longer employs the heroic doses of poisons that it did at that time. Not only are its doses smaller, but they are fewer. This is to say, more people get well under "medical" mismanagement today than did in the eighteenth century, because, with their smaller and less frequent doses, the doctors offer less interference to the healing processes of the body.

But today, as then, they are trying to cure disease without knowing the essential nature of disease and without knowing whether or not it should be cured. Now, as then, their chief reliance in "curing" their patients is poison. The homeopath also uses poisons, but he uses them in such infinitesimal doses that no chemist on earth can find a trace of them in his doses. Indeed, he boasts that he uses the "ghost of the drug."

Homeopathy is not a live issue, as, indeed, its advocates admit. Dr. Farmer may have enjoyed kicking a dead donkey, but in doing so, he did not increase the prestige of his own school of poisoning the sick. There is a statement

in Farmer's article, however, that could well become a live issue if the medical profession could be induced to discuss it. It is that of the alleged action of their drugs and their theoretical different kinds of action. He says that Hahnemann started "from the premise that drugs, in toxic doses, can cause many of the symptoms observed in sick persons," and that he "concluded that these drugs will, in non-toxic doses, be beneficial in the treatment of these persons."

Here we have the assertion of the old medical fallacy, one that was adhered to by all of the many schools of drugging, that drugs are *medicinal* (therapeutic) or *poisonous* (toxic) according to the sizes of the doses or according to the circumstances under which they are given. They have never been willing to admit that their drugs are intrinsically toxic, that they are toxic under all conditions and in doses of whatever sizes. This is so because they have failed to comprehend the true nature of the actions which follow the taking of drugs, which actions they have invariably attributed to their drugs. All drugs from whatever source are qualitatively poisonous and are not merely quantitatively so.

All substances taken into the body are either foods or poisons. Only those things are foods which the organism can transform into tissue — all useless substances are poisons. They are poisons because they are physiologically incompatible with the functions and chemically incompatible with the structures of the living body. They are toxic in proportion to their incompatibility. When taken into the body or applied from with-

out, they are resisted with a promptness and expelled with a vigor proportionate to their incompatibility — that is their toxicity.

Nor do they act — neither physiologically, nor therapeutically, nor toxicologically. They are as passive, quiescent, inert, actionless in the human body as in the druggist's bottles. Alcohol can no more act in the human stomach than it can act in the little brown jug. The actions that have been mistaken for ages for actions of drugs are actions of the living organism in resisting and expelling the drugs and in repairing itself.

One seeks in vain in the most recent textbooks and reference books on pharmacology for a satisfactory explanation of how drugs act — their *modus operandi*. For two thousand years physicians of the various schools of drugging sought to explain the *modus operandi* of drugs, but this effort seems to have been abandoned. They still invest drugs with certain hypothetical properties, such as the narcotic, cathartic, diuretic, diaphoretic, expectorant, anesthetic, etc. But these alleged *properties* are figments of the imagination and belong in the same class with the "wills," "essences," "noumena," "realities," "things-in-themselves," etc., of primitive men and philosophers. When we analyze a drug, when we have considered one by one the complex qualities — weight, color, reaction — that constitute the drug, we have left no residuum which we are able to describe as the *property* of the drug.

To say that a drug has a certain action because it has the inherent *property* or

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power to so act, is only to say that it does what it does because it is able to do what it does, *if it does*. This sheds no light on the *modus operandi* of the drug — of its alleged action or actions. Indeed, it does not really say anything. I must insist that these *properties* do not exist.

But if drugs do not act, what does act? The answer is: *the only thing that has the power of action — the living organism*. All of the alleged physiological, therapeutic and toxicological actions of drugs are actions of the vital organism in resisting and expelling drugs. Even *narcosis* and *anesthesia* represent vital defensive actions in which the self-defensive struggle is so intense in certain directions that activities in other directions are temporarily suspended.

If this is the true explanation of the *modus operandi* of drugs, and I challenge pharmacologists to dispute it, then it becomes evident that drugs do not and cannot "aid nature." They must be resisted and expelled and this is expensive of the vital powers. This is the reason that every dose of a drug diminishes the vital powers of the patient. They are not *curative* but *killative*. Recovery is made, when it occurs, in spite of and not because of their use.

There seems to me to be nothing to boast about in the fact that allopathy is lacking in system and that it has no fixed principles upon which to rest its practices. It seems to me that its total lack of valid principles is the explanation of its constantly changing character, its floundering, its ceaseless search for new miracle drugs, each of which passes into the night.

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